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THE GALANTS

Or the Reciprocal

Confidents,

A NOVEL.

Translated out of French by a Person of Quality.

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THE FRENCH Bookſeller TO THE READER.

THat which has given the the Title to this Book was not a Confidence of imaginary accidents : It has been effectually perform'd, and the Ladies, whoſe adventures you here find ; have made too much noiſe in the World by their miſfortunes, to remain unknown. From one of them 'tis that the Memoirs of the Actions of their Lives was taken : They

have been faithfully follow'd; and the Author, who has only endeavoured to put 'em in order, thought he ſhould have ſpoil'd a piece of ſuch Variety as this is, if he had added any thing of his own. They are actions upon actions related in few words, and without any mixture of thoſe ſtudied Converſations, that Embelliſh Stories invented only for the Readers pleaſure. Thoſe who doubt of the truth of 'em, may with little pains be freed from their ſuſpicions, have they but never ſo little Curioſity to inform themſelves of what has paſs'd in the World a few Years ſince.

THE

THE
Reciprocal Confidents
A
NOVEL.

THe Garden of the *Tuilleries* had not long been finiſh'd, before the Counteſs of *Marignan* had a deſire to take the Air there. After ſhe had taken ſome few turns ſhe reſted her ſelf upon a Seat, where ſhe found a Woman, whoſe face ſeem'd not to be unknown to her; notwithſtanding the Idea ſhe had conſerv'd of it, ſhe could not agree with her ſelf whom it ſhould be; nevertheleſs after ſhe had condeſir'd a long time,

the Lady who for her part look't very attentively upon the Countess of *Marignan*, they knew one the other, and made all the Endearments that could pass betwixt two Persons who had extreamly lov'd, and had the pleasure to meet after a long absence. These two Ladies were strictly engag'd together before they were Marryed; and had often talk'd under the Names of *Iris* and *Climene*: 'Twas for this reason that the Countess beginning; cry'd ah my dear *Iris*! what joy have I to see you? and how must I complain of you at the same time for expecting, till chance has taken care to bring us together? my misfortunes have been so great answer'd *Iris*, that they have left me no Friend free from Calumny, and Strangeness; so that, Madam, I durst not flatter my self, that you would be favourable to me, when all the World did me so much Injustice. I always thought,

thought, replyed the Counteſs, that your Enemies had a greater ſhare than you, in the reports that were ſpread abroad of your Conduct: Madam, anſwered *Iris*, I never yet ſin'd eſſentially againſt true Glory; but I ought to confeſs to you, I have often hazarded the appearance; the ſame Aſcendant that diſpos'd the Men to have ſome good wiſhes for me, made me rejoyce to be belov'd by 'em: I muſt confeſs to you alſo, that I forgot nothing that might pleaſe 'em; and that the deſire of making them in Love, was the whole application of my Life. A crow'd of Adorers appear'd to me, the chiefeſt good, and I knew no Merit but that of being Environ'd by 'em. I was that in fine, Madam, which they call a perfect Coquette. This is the Character reply'd the Counteſs of *Marignan*, of all Women that are handſome enough to deſerve it; the

youngeſt and moſt amiable, are often the leaſt guilty ; their Vanity is more general, to make Lovers is their only deſign ; and their conqueſt follow each other ſo cloſe, that they have not the time to make a ſincere application ; they that have more Years and fewer Charms, almoſt always engage themſelves under the appearance of a Counterfit paſſion, and often drive the adventure to a Crime. It is always dangerous, anſwered *Iris*, to follow this inclination ; for it ſeldome happens but the diſorder of the heart is the occaſion of it in the Conduct, and thereby are cauſed an infinite number of misfortunes. Then, ſaid the Counteſs, I would willingly have you tell me what has happen'd to you, for I have had an imperfect relation only of it ; what we have not from the firſt hand, is never truly known. I can ſtay in this garden as long as I will ;

will; I have no Engagement from any body to be gon ſo ſoon. I therefore, conjure you to make me a confident to your adventures; I ask it with an intention to diſcover mine to you; upon theſe conditions *Iris* could not defend her ſelf from Satisfying the Curioſity of the Counteſs, and thus ſhe began her recital.

THE

The Relation of IRIS

YOw know, Madam, in what conſtraint my Mother brought me up, and how hardly ſhe gave me the liberty to improve the Friendſhip you had for me; and it is alſo true that after you was married and your husband had carried you into *Provence*, I had then no commerce with the World, the tireſome life I led made me imagine there was a great deal of pleaſure in being no longer ſubject to my Mothers vexatious reprimands, and to commands ſo oppoſite to my inclinations: I fooliſhly thought that when I was married I ſhould be Miſtreſs of my actions which made me accept of the firſt propoſition of a Husband, my Mother made me, and without examining whether my heart conſented to the choice of my Family, I marry'd the Viſcount

De-

De—— In the mean time my Mother, who would have her ſeverity follow me every where, gave Leſſons to my Husband about what he ſhould defend me from, or preſcribe me; there are few but approve of theſe kind of Maxims: So that in few days after our Marriage, he made me know his intentions, which appear'd to me very different from what I had propos'd to my ſelf; my viſits were limited either to my Family, or to ſome devout Friends of my Mothers; the hours were aſſign'd me, I was to employ in Piety, but none were left me for pleaſure.

Admire, Madam, if you pleaſe how ſtrangely things will happen; my Husband told me one day that the Preſident of ——'s Lady had ask'd him how I did, deſiring him that he would ſuffer me to make her a viſit. She paſs'd in the World for a Woman of a trouble-

ſome Vertue; and as this character was not much to my likeing, I had no great deſire to goe ſee her, but it was ordered me ſo preciſely that I was forc't to obey. I had form'd to my ſelf ſo diſagreeable an Idea of her, that I ſhould ſcarcely have deſtroy'd, if I had not found in that houſe a great reſort of Company, and a very free Converſation. The Preſidents Lady receiv'd me with a thouſands welcomes, gave me a great many praiſes, and told me in the moſt obliging manner in the World ſhe would have me be one of her Friends, and viſit her often. Her Husband look't extreamly upon me, and as I was juſt diſpoſing my ſelf to be gone, the Prince *de*—— and the Duke *de*—— came in, the firſt propos'd to the Preſidents Lady to go ſee a general review of the Kings Houſehold, that was that day made at *Vincennes*; at firſt ſhe made ſome difficulty, but at laſt conſented,

conſented, upon condition I would be of the Company, we went into his Coach, for the Duke had his reaſons to be in another, the Preſident had a Meen Grave, and Serious, and a conſtraint in all his actions, that was not to my reliſh, not that you could ſay he wanted witt ; but his way appear'd to me ſo contrary to thoſe of the Court that were at his houſe, that altho' I had no experience in the World, I fail'd not to make a great difference betwixt 'em. I muſt confeſs to you alſo, Madam, ever ſince that firſt viſit I thought the Prince very aimable ; he had a free Air, lively Witt, he made delightful thoughts of things, and expreſs'd 'em with Juſtice ; I remark'd too that I did not diſpleaſe him, and he often took the opportunity to ſay very obligeing things to me. I was very well ſatisfied with the journey, becauſe I never had made any ſo agreeably ;

but

but when I was alone with my Husband, (my mind wholy taken up with the thoughts of the Prince) the Idea I preſerv'd of him in deſpite of my ſelf, rendered his preſence more troubleſome to me than it had hitherto been.

The inclinations I had for the Prince made me proceed far in a little time; it was impoſſible for me to reſiſt the Temptations that made me love him, and I believe the paſſion he had for me was very inſtrumental to my having one for him. One day the Preſidents Lady deſired me to go to ſup at her houſe, and not doubting but the Prince would be there, I ſpar'd no care to dreſs my ſelf, I knew that black Patches gave a little agreement to young People; but I was not ignorant alſo that my Husband would not ſuffer me to wear 'em; I carried a few in a little Box, and I plac't 'em by the light of the Flambeau, that

that lighted my Coach; I found the Prince juſt arriv'd at the Preſidents as I came. I am extreamly Fortunate Madam, ſays he, as he help'd me out of my Coach, to happen here at a time I can render you a little Service, till an occaſion arrives of giving you greater ſigns of the Paſſion I have for you; I do not remember what I anſwer'd for I was young, and without experience; but I know very well I anſwer'd him like a true Innocent, and that this Declaration rais'd a great ttouble in my heart. He has told me ſince, that he was not at all angry at that diſorder, and that my ſimplicity pleas'd him more than if I had anſwer'd with more Art. The Preſident made me take notice that the ſight of me gave him a great deal of joy, and that he deſir'd a particular converſation with me; in fine, Madam in leſs than an hour, I found my ſelf in a

neceſſity to harken to another Declaration of Love, to which I made no better anſwer than to the firſt, although it was for different reaſons; for if the inclination I had for the Prince, made me ſpeechleſs, the indifference I had, for the Preſident did not inſpire me with any thing to anſwer him. After Supper followed a Conſort of Voices and Muſick, which did not laſt long, becauſe there was ſome Women there who lov'd play; you know, Madam, they who have a Paſſion for that, are inſenſible to all other Divertiſements. The Preſident, ſeeing I did not play, told me he would take care of my pleaſure, if I would do the like for his; and to give me ſome conformable to my inclination, he commanded the Violins ſhould be ſent for; I then found my ſelf in a tickliſh conjuncture, for a young Woman ſo little inſtructed in the Commerce of Love,

for

for the Prince and the Preſident beſeig'd me by turns, when the firſt took me out to dance, the other told me that Courtiers knew not how to Love, and that they were more ſenſible of the pleaſure of ruening a Womans reputation, than of the favours they might receive from 'em. This truth did not hinder me from loving the Prince; this Leſſon on the contrary augmented the averſion I had for him that gave it; I continued to ſee the Preſidents Lady with great aſſiduity; my Husband was very glad of it, and deſir'd that I would make all my actions conformable to thoſe of ſo Virtuous a Lady, theſe were the terms he us'd to make me know his pleaſure; I ſaw the Prince almoſt every day at her houſe, but as yet, it was not with liberty enough to entertain our ſelves with the thoughts we had for each other; he took a deſign to write me his, and gave

me

me this Letter one day as I was at the Presidents.

SHall I never see you, Madam, but amongst a thousand People who beseige you? And will you not give me an opportunity to tell you of the Passion you have inspir'd me with? Alas! Madam! I fear the worst, I have no hopes, and you do not so much as take the care to give me the Consolation of one look; and whatever mine may say to you, you do not love me enough to understand their Language, if you would have this great mistery continue secret, take care to use it with some signs of compassion; for if you give me no assistance I very well find, it will be impossible for me to hinder it from appearing.

I read this Letter a hundred times, but I found my self in a great trouble when I would answer it. My

My Mother was a Woman of the Age paſt, ſhe thought that a young Girl ſhould not know how to write; and according to this Maxim, ſhe made me be taught only enough to ſign the Contract of Marriage; nevertheleſs I determin'd to write, but I could not do it, without making a Gentlewoman who ſerv'd me call'd *Limdville* a Confident to it, becauſe ſhe writ indifferently well, and I would make uſe of her hand and council in this important diſpatch: After I had began ſeveral Letters which I did not like, at laſt I ſtuck to this.

IT is not without hardſhip that I reſolved to write to you; and I have not leſs to explain my ſelf, but I would not have you doubt one moment of the acknowledgment I have for the Sentiments you have diſcover'd to me, and 'tis you alone that muſt teach me after what manner I am to

explain

explain my ſelf upon the ſubject of Love.

All the morning being paſt in writing this Note, I thought of nothing but ſealing it, and this was but juſt done when my Husband came in, I held the Letter yet in my hand, and ſtriving in haſt to put it in my pocket, unhappily let it fall; my Husband who ſaw a Paper fall betwixt *Limdville* and I, dextrouſly ſeiz'd of it; and as he is naturally ſuſpicious, at the ſame time went out to read what he had taken up. I as ſoon perceiv'd the loſs I had. I look't for the Letter to no purpoſe, and you may gueſs what fears I had. As there was no time to be loſt in reflection, we conſulted what was to be done to draw me out of this misfortune. TheNote was of *Limdvilles* writing, and ſhe acquitted her ſelf with as much addreſs, as aſſurance in the part

ſhe

ſhe had agreed to act : And I was inſtructing of her in it, when ſhe perceived my Husband gently approach us to over hear what we ſaid. Yes, Madam, ſa ys ſhe, raiſing her Voice, give me back if you pleaſe the Note you have taken from me, or give me my diſcharge; there is no fault in the writing to a Man I pretend to marry, and I humbly deſire you to leave me no longer in the inquietude you ſee me ; to keep up the part, I ſwore to her I had not ſeen her Note ; but the more I aſſur'd her, the more ſhe pretended to believe it was in my hands.

My Husband took an extream pleaſure to overhear this diſcourſe. *Limdville* deſir'd him he would endeavour to oblige me to return the Note, and did it with ſigns of anger, which appear'd ſo ſincere, that he was perſwaded, and at laſt gave back the Note to *Limdville*, quarelling with her for holding ſo tender correſpondence with a Man. She

She put it off with a falſe confidence; and this very Note which had been ſome time in my Husbands hands, paſt that night into the Prince's, to whom I gave it at the Preſidents; ſince this time I have had no occaſion either for a Secretary or Interpreter, my paſſion taught me more in Eight days, than I ſhould have learn't in ſix Months, if love had not been concern'd; but yet I was very little at quiet on the part of the Preſident, he was always telling me of his tenderneſs, and perſwading me that I ought not to forget it. As he advanc'd not in my favour, and that he believ'd my Husband was an Obſtacle to his deſires, he impatiently expected till the return of the Spring ſhould oblige him to go to the Army. I often ſaw his Wife, and did not find her ſo ſevere as ſhe was Imagin'd by the World: She willingly ſuffer'd the Duke to praiſe her

Hands

Hands, and Breaſts, which ſhe did not take too much care to hide. The King who does not ſtay for fair Weather to enlarge his Conqueſts, parted in the Month of *February*, for the French Court; my Husband had orders to go to his Regiment, and I was left alone at *Paris*, and it ſeem'd as if every thing would contribute to my happineſs, my Mother went into *Burgundy*. And I forgot to tell you, Madam, that my Husband deſir'd the Preſident and his Wife to take care of my Conduct, and that he order'd me to do nothing without their advice. The firſt uſe I made of my Liberty after my Husbands departure, was to advertiſe the Prince of it, and to promiſe him a meeting in the Kings Garden. I was preparing to go thither, when the Preſident arriv'd at my Houſe, he began his viſit by a long diſcourſe of the obligation I was under, to live retiredly whil'ſt my

my Husband was expos'd to the chance of War, and 'twas this the World expected from mē, for the Eſtabliſhment of my Reputation : He added that he was deſir'd to take care of it ; but when after theſe wiſe Advertiſements he would ſpeak to me of his love, I maliciouſly ask'd him if that Article was comprehended in the right he pretended over my actions ; no reply'd he, but if you do not conſider me, I know very well how to be reveng'd for the indifference you have always ſhew'd mē ; I was in a very bad humour, for I paſt very ill that time I could have imploy'd in a more agreeable Entertainment ; nevertheleſs I was to endure this tireſome Converſation for two hours, and I know not if it had been ended all the day, without the arrival of his Lady. He left us alone, as I have ſomething ; ſaid ſhe, particularly to tell you, I deſire no body may interrupt us. I bid

my

my Porter ſhould be commanded to deny me to thoſe who came to ſee me, and we immediately retired to my Cloſet, where the Lady ſpoke to me much after this ſort. You are not ignorant, my dear Child, (for ſo ſhe call'd me) that I have a ſincere kindneſs for you, and I ſhould be raviſh't to ſee you happy; for this reaſon I will give you ſome advice that may not be unuſeful to your quiet; for 'tis a great one, to be eſteem'd in the World a Perſon of a Regular and Wiſe Conduct. A Woman therefore of underſtanding, muſt conſider how to eſtabliſh her Reputation before ſhe thinks of her pleaſure. To arrive to it, there muſt be a great deal in outward appearance, retrenching the idle part to improve the ſolid with ſurety. Such as theſe have great priviledges, and there is always an advantagious Explication given to all their Actions. 'Tis thus

that I have happily ſucceeded, having ſacrific'd the beſt time of my Life, to enjoy the other with more freedom. Beſides I ſhould not have enter'd into ſo ſtrict a Confidence with you, if I had not remarqu'd that you do not want diſcretion.

Fix therefore your looks and your heart, ſet bounds to your deſires, and take heed leaſt the deſire of pleaſing all Men does not bring you to be deſpis'd by 'em. 'Tis a Fooliſh thought for a Woman to have ſuch wandring pretentions; ſhe always ruin's her ſelf by it, and never proſpers in her deſign. The Friendſhip I have for you, ſhall give you an advantage will help to ſave you much from the general Cenſure; and whilſt we ſhall live thus united, every thing will paſs on this part with great ſecrecy; whilſt we enjoy an agreeable and pleaſant Life. But, my Child, continued ſhe,

I believe you muſt reſolve to ſhew a little Complaiſance to Mr. the Preſident. I find that he loves you, and I ſhall not be diſpleaſed at this Amuſement, that it may hinder him the more from penetrating into the myſtery of my Conduct.

After this long preamble, the Preſident's Lady confeſs'd to me that ſhe lov'd the Duke and was belov'd by him. She added, that not to make Confidents of her Women, ſhe ſhould be glad of a Friend, that ſhe ſhould not ſuſpect, when ſhe made her appointments of taking the Air, and that the Prince ſhould be of the Society, becauſe ſhe well underſtood, we had (that which they call) an Affair, together. I approv'd very well of all the Preſidents Lady ſaid, expecting that I could not agree with my ſelf, to ſtop my deſires at a ſingle Object. I always reſerv'd my ſelf the liberty of my looks upon the General. She alſo

told me that the Chievalier *Du*—— and the Count *De la* —— whom I had ſeen at her houſe, were not fit to be of our Secret, and that ſhe deſir'd me not to ſee 'em. I promis'd what ſhe deſir'd and kept my word.

This Converſation ended, the Preſidents Lady would have me go to Supper with her. And as I was going out, my Porter told me the Prince had been to ſee me. I thought that the impatience of being alone at the place of meeting, had brought him to know the reaſon I had diſappointed him. The Preſident receiv'd me with great ſigns of joy, and gave me a thouſand Teſtimonies of Friendſhip. I ſhew'd him ſome ſlight Complaiſances that pleas'd him, and he was ſo much the more charm'd by 'em, as he thought 'em free from affectation. You will wonder, Madam, ſays he to ſee me in a little time, ſo enlighten'd

in

in the Affairs of Gallantry; Love is no ſooner felt but it teaches us all that we ought to know to enter into its Myſteries, and I have receiv'd ſo many Leſſons from him as ſure not to forget all. When I was return'd home, I found there this Billet from the Prince.

Billet.

YOu are more knowing then I imagin'd, and I find that you are able to inſtruct me. Yet, Madam, it is not ſo eaſie to abuſe me as you think, and I almoſt underſtand the meaning of your proceedings with me. You make me an Aſſignation and diſappoint me; I go to your houſe to know the reaſon, your Servants ſay you are abroad; and the Preſidents Coach is in your Court. I yield you to that Happy and Worthy Rival, and am extreamly oblig'd to you for the favour you do me of reſtoring me to my ſelf.

I could not resolve to leave the Prince in the error he was. Tho' it was almost Midnight, I immediately writ him this answer.

THey that have good sence never judge of things, by appearances, and I am far from being guilty; but you are extreamly so for conceiving so disadvantagious an opinion of me. Take care to discover the truth, for I am not Friend enough to you this Night, to make you know my innocence, and I perceive it will cost you more pains to repair the injury you do me, than it will be to perswade you that I hate the President, and that I had a great deal of disposition to love you.

If Lovers quickly take slight suspitions, they are subject to lose 'em with the same easiness. The Prince came to see me on the morrow, we clear'd our selves, and the peace

Peace was made. Altho' the Winter was not quite paſt, yet we had fine weather, of which I took care to profit. In ſpight of the Preſidents Ladies advice, I went to the *Vincennes*, where the young Company that was left at *Paris* did not fail to meet. I met there the Chevalier *Du*— whom I had ſeen ſeveral times at the Preſidents. He drove near my Coach, we got out and walk'd ſome time. You may imagine, Madam, he ſaid many pleaſing things to me, and I did not refuſe to hearken to 'em. We began a kind of an Affair, but nothing came of it, becauſe he went the next day to the Army, and was kill'd in that Campagne. I made a great many more of this kind, that I ſhall not mention, applying my ſelf only to thoſe that have been the occaſion of the misfortunes of my life.

I told the Presidents Wife of the quarrel I had had with the Prince. She generously offer'd her self to reconcile us, but my heart had prevented her Cares. We talk'd very familiarly, and she told me she had never had any falling out with the Duke. It does not make me, said I, have the greater opinion either of your kindness or his, a Passion without any disturbance resembles marriage too much; there must be quarrels for the pleasure of Reconcilements; there must be difficulties for the glory of overcoming 'em; there must be Mystery not to divide with any the sweetness of a tender Commerce. What would you have me say to you, continued I? I should not hate a Lover that out of a principle of jealousie should be carry'd into a little Violence. As for that the Presidents Lady, said there's none can as you do without having an ill tast of things. Do not let us enter into

into a diſpute of this ſaid I, but I am very well perſwaded that no Woman of Gallantry will be diſpleas'd at what I ſay. A great importment is always a ſign of Love. But, my dear, reply'd the Preſidents Lady, I find you very knowing for a Woman who was marry'd young, and to a ſevere Husband, for I ſuppoſe upon this occaſion you do not confound the Husband with the Lover: No certainly, returned I, for the very thing which ſeems inſupportable in the firſt would be a Charm in the latter. You have had the experience of both, then anſwer'd the Preſidents Lady? Not at all, reply'd I, 'tis my imagination only makes the differences, 'twas to little purpoſe to uphold my opinion, the Preſidents Lady would not conſent to it. We paſt for two Months our time peaceably enough, at leaſt in our Society, for in my particular I was not without *Chagrins* and Pleaſures.

You may remember, Madam, if you pleaſe, that I told you I had walk'd with the Chevalier *Du*— at *Vincennes*, and that we had began an Adventure for his return. The poor Man was kill'd at the Seige of *Dole*; and the Count *De la*——— brought me the news. I cry'd bitterly at it, and by my Tears the Count imagin'd I had a heart capable of a true kindneſs. upon theſe thoughts he undertook to Comfort me, he ſpoke to me, I remember, more then two hours without being able to make me underſtand reaſon, but when, having fix'd his eyes upon me, he told me how happy they were that were belov'd by me, and that he aſſur'd me he would uſe all endeavours to acquire that Glory, I hearkened to him, look't upon him, and did not forbid him from hoping. Some days paſt without my ſeeing of him, but I was nevertheleſs rejoyc'd at

his

his coming from the Army. Since I had the Preſident, his Lady and the Prince to Mannage, I told the Count he muſt not come ſo often to me. I had an Intimacy with ſome Ladies who were his Friends, at whoſe houſe I gave him ſome meetings, and it was a great pleaſure to me to find him always firſt at the place appointed. He is certainly a Man of great Penetration, and for that reaſon he perceived by all my ways, that I had no ſolidity in my mind. He made a journey into the Country, and was forgot before he return'd. He had made ſure but little impreſſion in my heart, becauſe it has ſaid nothing in his favour ſince. I made a reflexion one day upon this half-adventure, and I ſaid to my ſelf; this is the Fate of calm Amours. If I had met with great Obſtacles to overcome, great quarrels to appear, and that both my wit and my heart were

buſied, I ſhould not ſeek after (as I do) freſh occaſions of an Affair.

In the mean time my good Fortune ſeem'd to be well eſtabliſh'd. Neither my Husband, Nor Mother talk'd of returning, and I manag'd the Preſident with ſuch Addreſs, that he thought my Vertue was the cauſe of all the *Chagrins* my indifference made him ſuffer. There happen'd nevertheleſs ſome change in my Affairs, and I ſhould have had ſome troubleſome minutes to paſs if I had been capable of it. The Princes's Relations oblig'd him to marry. I believe that if this engagement did not altogether break off our Commerce, I muſt at leaſt give him the liberty to appear ſo. But yet every thing had another turn: He marry'd a Woman without Beauty and Merit, and only conſiderable for her Riches; ſo that finding nothing in her Perſon, or Wit that could ingage him to her, he ſoon diſpenc'd with

with thoſe Cares that are requir'd in a ſuitable Marriage, and I had not reaſon to ſuſpect ſhe had rob'd me of his heart. I determined to ſee the Princeſs, and ſhe gave me reaſon enough to commend her. But, Madam, the pleaſures of love are eſtabliſh't upon ſo little ſolid foundations, that they are ſubject to great revolutions. I had ſlept hitherto in the boſom of proſperity (if it be lawful to ſay ſo) but now it was time to Experiment to what trouble Gallantry expoſes the Women.

The Preſident who began to be weary of my reſiſtance, and who would not ſee that he ought to impute the reaſon of it, to nothing but his want of deſert, reſolved to endeavour to penetrate into my heart. And to do it with the greater eaſe, he had prevail'd upon that Gentlewoman that drew me ſo well out of the trouble of the firſt Letter. Perfidious

fidious *Limelville* discover'd to him all that you have heard from me, and did not forget what past betwixt me and the Chevalier *Du* —— and the Count *De la* —— But the Love the President had for me making him continue his prudence, he desir'd to be convinc'd of my Intrigues by his own eyes. One Evening when the Prince was with me in my Closet, *Limelville* advertiz'd the President of it. The knowledge of it caus'd him some disturbance; but as there are few Lovers but love to flatter themselves he thought I took but little pleasure in the Princes Visit; and to be satisfied in it, he bid his Wife send to desire me to come and play with her at *Ombre*. I told the Messenger I could not possibly go, because I was to answer a long Letter I had receiv'd from my Husband. I thought that this would have made my excuse, but it only serv'd to anger the President

ſident, he found I ſought an opportunity of being alone with the Prince; and to make me bluſh at it he made a propoſition to his Wife and the Duke to go to my houſe. I had taken no care to receive them, and I did not hear 'em before they were in my Antichamber. I went haſtily to them, and would have had 'em gone into another Apartment; but the Preſident ſhov'd me back, and went with a Light into my Cloſet, where he found the Prince in ſome diſorder. You may eaſily imagine with what Air they ſaluted each other, and they went together to the Room where the Preſidents Lady ſtay'd with the Duke; after which the Preſident oblig'd me to go with him into the Chamber he had refus'd to go but a minute before.

I had not the time to reflect upon what I ſhould alledge for not coming to his houſe, and for ſtaying alone with

with the Prince. Shall I tell you Madam his jealouſie was ſo violent that he gave me a blow on the Ear with all his force. After this horrible Carriage, he ſaid every thing to me that might load me with ſhame. I know not how I was able to endure theſe Violences; but the little ſence I had of 'em, made me contented to receive a beating for a pleaſure. But far from repulſing Concern by Concern, I imagin'd the Preſident a Man of the greateſt moderation in the World, was carryed to this injurous Violence by an exceſs of jealouſie only, which is never without Love. When he had left off ſpeaking, I was going to juſtifie my ſelf, by telling him, I durſt not refuſe to entertain the Prince, leaſt he ſhould think 'twas ſome Affair of my heart had hindred me from ſhewing him that Complaiſance. Hold your tongue, perfidious Woman, cry'd he, I know the

the whole Intrigue. He told me in effect what had happen'd to me with the Prince, the Chevalier, and the Count, and made me know that *Limelville* had advertiſed him of all. Submiſſion was the only courſe I could take after this, and certainly the ſafeſt for me.

Whil'ſt I endeavour'd to diſſipate the doubts of the Preſident, his Lady and the Prince enjoy'd but unhappy Minutes. The laſt was afraid leaſt at the coſt of my Fidelity I ſhould reconcile my ſelf with the Preſident; and the firſt was dead with fear, that I ſhould Sacrifice to her Husband all the Secrets ſhe had confided to me. Nothing of this nature happen'd. I only endeavour'd to convince him that he was in the wrong to be jealous; and the intereſt I had to prevail upon him, made me think of ſo good reaſons, and find ſuch Eloquent words, that at laſt I brought him to ask me pardon.

So

So that we rejoyn'd the Company in a good reconcilement, conſidering we had had ſo great a falling out.

The Prince and the Preſidents Lady appear'd a little ſurpris'd, that ſo great a trouble ſhould be ſo ſoon appeas'd. I look't to ſee if I could diſcover their thoughts by their Eyes; but they were ſo buſie in looking upon one the other, that they did not perceive the meaning of mine. As play was the pretence of the viſit, and that the time for it was paſt in other things, we parted. I diſcharg'd *Limelville*, and the Preſident would no longer hearken to her. I thought then I was very well got out of ſo dangerous an Affair; but I was miſtaken, for there were great alterations in our Commerce. *Limelville* told all that ſhe knew to the Preſidents Lady, and did not ſo much as conceal it from the Prince. I was very much

much ſurpris'd to find a great coldneſs in their proceedings the next day, they did not tell me the reaſon of it. And I confeſs to you, Iwas not very inquiſitive to diſcover it. We walk'd at the *Arſenal*, and the Duke came to us, he gave the Preſidents Lady his hand, and the Prince began ſo forc't a Converſation with me, that I ſoon perceiv'd he was angry at the Adventure of the day before. His frozen Air made me conceive certain Conjectures of his alteration. The Duke was no more ſatisfi'd with the procedure of the Preſidents Lady, and we had very near the ſame thoughts 'twas in this occaſion, Madam, that I remembred what the Preſident had told me concerning the Prince's diſpoſition. He began to appear leſs worthy of my Eſteem. And what before appear'd excellent, was now like the common way of the World; on the contrary the Actions

ons of the Preſident became more taking and Graceful. I muſt confeſs that theſe thoughts were deſtroy'd as faſt as they came, but they return'd too often, that tho' I had not a deſign to make him a happy Lover, I had at leaſt a deſire to make him a Friend to me for my whole life. To ſpeak truth, I did not know my ſelf yet, and I was very uncapable of a Conduct fit for ſuch a Project.

The Preſidents Lady on her ſide was tired with the long undiſturb'd enjoyment of the Duke, and had taſted of the inſinuating Wit of the Prince, ſhe had likewiſe made I ſuppoſe ſome Advances; for he is of that humour, I know, not to love a Lady that may be call'd a Mother or a Governeſs. I ſaw very well ſhe did not ſtand leſs in fear of me, then the Duke. She thought with reaſon if ſhe ſhould oppoſe me, that I would acquaint the World in General

neral, and her Husband in particular, how they were miſtaken in the falſe opinion of her Vertue; but as ſhe had Wit and a young Amour was concern'd in it, ſhe took the courſe to abuſe me.

I was one day walking alone with her in her Garden. I had the pleaſure to ſee her take two or three turns in great haſt, and to hear her ſigh as if ſhe had had ſome extream Melancholy. I expected with impatience where all this would end, when ſhe began to tell me that the opinion of the World was the moſt dangerous enemy to Women; that it was inconſiſtent with quiet; that ſhe had taſted more pleaſures in the auſterity of her retirement, than ſhe had ever found in the liberty ſhe had given her ſelf. In fine Madam, ſaid ſhe to me, it was not in my power to hide from you this Melancholy and theſe Sighs, which are the effects of

a Combat in my breaſt, betwixt the remainder of a little inclination for the World, and a reſolution of leaving it without return.

I ſaid nothing to oppoſe her Reſolutions. I knew very well they were affected, and that ſhe was always too ſtrictly ty'd to the World. I commended her extreamly for applying her ſelf to the ſolid part; and when ſhe told me experience confirm'd her in theſe thoughts, I aſſur'd her, that when I had as much as ſhe, I would willingly take the Reſolution ſhe was about. This Subject ſerv'd to entertain us five or ſix days, during which time I often met the Duke, who endeavour'd to make me conſent to go halves with him in Revenge; but I would have all the honour of it my ſelf, and 'twould have troubled me to have ſhar'd it with any other.

I heard in the mean time that the Preſidents Lady often ſaw the Prince at his Wives houſe, where ſhe viſited under the pretence of a Friend, to reconcile their differences, and that ſhe did it by Sacrificing me. I reſolv'd ſhe ſhould become a Victim to my reſentment, but I found it an unworthineſs unbecoming me to betray the ſecrets ſhe had confided to me, and therefore I eſtabliſht my Revenge upon a more curious foundation.

I was at the Preſidents, and he had in particular entertain'd me a good while. She ask'd me according to her Cuſtom what he had ſaid for me. He ſpoke to me, ſaid I, about the night he found the Prince with me, and repreſented to me the injury a Woman does her ſelf by having a Commerce with a Man of that Character. It is not better, ſaid ſhe, to have it with my Husband than the Prince. As

things

things have not been alter'd ſince you eſtabliſht 'em as they are, reply'd I, I do not ſee what reaſon you have to condemn 'em now. The ſcruple of having contributed to it, anſwer'd the Preſidents Lady. I take it upon my ſelf, ſaid I, and you will not think it amiſs if I preſerve a Friend I infinitely eſteem. The ill will ſhe had for me, and I for her made a great progreſs in a little time: I alſo learnt that the inclination ſhe had for the Prince did not move at a ſlower rate. I had no jealouſie upon it; but it is certain that a Woman who pretends to Beauty, can't ſee without trouble one of more years, and leſs Fair, have the advantage to engage her Lover. The Curioſity I had to know what paſt betwixt the Preſidents Lady and the Prince, inſpir'd me with a deſire to bribe one of the Prince's Foot-men; it was not hard to ſeduce him, and 'twas he that

that told me the Presidents Lady and her new Gallant were to go for a day, to a house of the Presidents, five or six Leagues from *Paris*, where he had often solicited me to pass some few days. I had deny'd it till now; but at this time I prest him to it, as well as to keep the Secret of our Design without telling him the reason of it; I desir'd him to approve of ingageing the Princess to be of the Company, for she began to disabuse her self about the Calumnies had been rais'd on me. I went to her house and propos'd to her to take the Air at *Ruel*. I thought it was best thus to put the change upon her, because she is not a Woman to be proceeded with in down right Measures.

I did not ill to make use of this way, for she told her Husband she was to go the next day to *Ruel*; he was not angry at it, in the thoughts she would go away different from

what he intended. And the Preſident had not leſs joy, when his Wife told him ſhe was to go the next day to the Abby of St. *Cyr*, to ſee Madam *Arangonnis* who was retir'd thither. And as I would have nothing wanting in my revenge, I writ a Note to the Duke and pray'd him to meet me there, but I deſpair'd of his coming, becauſe I was told he was at *Verſailles*.

I ſaw with great joy the day arrive that was to yeild me ſo much pleaſure, and give ſuch confuſion to my Rival. The Preſident had not leſs, for he perſwaded himſelf he ſhould draw great advantages from this meeting. He had order'd his Servants to go expect him at his Country houſe, and to get ready a Treat for us; but I took ſuch order that one of my Footmen amus'd 'em on the way, and undertaking to appeaſe the Preſident if he ſhould be

be angry at it, I went to take up the Princeſs whom I told we would not go to *Ruel*, becauſe the Dutcheſs of *Aiguillon* was there. She ſuffer'd us to conduct her whether we pleas'd, for ſhe is a Woman of an eaſie perſwaſion. We went to find the Preſident, who ſtay'd for us at the Gate, St. *Antoine* with the Abbot *B*—— and we began our Journey with a great deal of Gayety, the Preſident by hopes that were vain, the Princeſs by a deſire of diverting her ſelf, and I in thoughts of a full revenge upon the Preſidents Lady and my perfidious Lover. The Abbot *B*—— for his part was not without pleaſure, ſince he gave himſelf that of rehearſing a whole peice for the Stage, he had but lately finiſhed ; in the mean time envious joys came into my mind that made me break out into Laughters, which no body could penetrate into the cauſe off. We

discover'd at last the House, and enter'd into it without being perceiv'd, for this Journey was taken in a Season, when every body was busied in the Field; and the Presidents Lady's People were employ'd in making ready a little Entertainment.

From the Ante-Court, we walk'd into the Court of Honour, where the President and the Princess had the pleasure to see some of the Princes's his Foot-men, and the Presidents Lady's Coach. What surprise soever the sight of this gave, it was not sufficient for my satisfaction, I would have 'em see more; and that no time might be given to any to advertise the Lovers, of the Company that was arriv'd, I went before, whilst the President was asking his Lady's Foot-men some questions. The Princess follow'd me, and we went with all the diligence imaginable into a low Apartment

we

we found open, we cros'd a great Hall and ſeveral Chambers without meeting any body. I began to think we were miſtaken; but at laſt I open'd the door of a Cloſet, where the Princeſs, the Preſident and I diſcover'd the Prince and the Preſidents Lady alone together.

She did not ſeem the leaſt mov'd or ſurpriz'd at it, but ſaid to me with an aſtoniſh'd confidence, you did not think, Madam, to have met here ſo good Company. I would not have you come to a houſe where I have any ſhare, without finding me there to pay you my Service. I confeſs, Madam, I thought the manner the Preſidents Lady ſpoke to me in, would have made me forget I only came to ſurpriſe her: She bore the adventure without diſorder; and her free Air, that had no concern upon it appear'd like innocence it ſelf. She afterwards ſaid a thouſand extravagant things to the

Preſident, to the Princeſs and to me, not ſparing ſo much as the Abbot *B*——— and when the poor Husband ask'd her what had hindred her from going to St: *Cyr*, and why ſhe was ſhut up with the Prince, ſhe anſwered ſhe had a mind to be ſatisfied of my Conduct, and to ſee her ſelf that I was unworthy of her Friendſhip. Whilſt the Preſidents Lady and her Husband were ſaying what boldneſs and jealouſie could inſpire, the Princeſs thought her ſelf oblig'd to reaſon with her Husband in the ſame nature, and without having reſpect to his high quality, ſhe ſaid a thouſand things that obſcur'd a little his Shining Title. The diſcovery had not been regular nor my revenge perfect, if the Duke had neglected coming; he receiv'd my Note as he was returning from *Verſailles*, 'twas eaſie for him to comprehend that I writ to him with a deſign to clear the

doubts

doubts he had about the infidelity of the Preſidents Lady, who not long ſince made him underſtand, that a true remorſe of Conſcience preſt her to break off a Commerce, ſhe could not in Piety conſent too.

The Duke not believing her of this Sentiment, had a deſire to be convinc'd of it. For this reaſon he only ſtay'd the time to change his Cloaths, and mounting on Horſe-back with one Page only, he came full ſpeed where he was ſure to find me. He could not arrive at a fitter time for his inſtruction. A little attention would ſoon teach him what he was ignorant off.

It was the Princeſs that took the care to inform him. The Duke is not a Man that eaſily forgives faults of that nature; and if he did not ſpare the innocent, you may judge what he did to the guilty, he did not intend to conſider, but abandon'd himſelf to the pleaſure of revenge;

and taking no notice of the Husbands and Lovers overhearing him, he fell into the way of rallery which you know is Natural to him. Madam says he, addressing himself to the Presidents Lady, I am come to participate in the sweetness of your Meditations to as kyou what Fruit you have reap'd by 'em, and whether they have utterly destroy'd the Love you have so often swore for me; but I very well see, that your new Director has a greater part in the change of your Conduct, than those holy resolutions you oppos'd me with, and that he has quite put out a fire that in my opinion I had very well entertain'd for a year, I must tell you likewise that without the least *Chagrin* I saw you follow a course I thought I had drawn you from; but I should be guilty of all the Crimes in your new Commerce, if in my turn I did not Exhort you to be more faithful to Mr. the Presi-

dent

dent, than you have hitherto been, and if I did not advertize him to be no longer blinded by the falſe ſhew of an imaginary Vertue.

Whilſt the Duke ſpoke thus, the unhappy Husband, his Wife and the Prince kept a ſilence full of Confuſion, not but that they all had enough to ſay, but there is ſeldome Eloquence when ſuch parts, as theſe three had, were to be play'd.

The Princeſs who hearken'd to the Duke with an inceavable pleaſure, could not forbear crying out when he had ended, Ah! what a great deal of wit has the Duke! It was not neceſſary ſhe ſhould excite him to recommence a diſcourſe wherein there was ſuch Subject to debate. What Mr. the Preſident, reply'd he, are you inſenſible of the Conduct of your Wife? And will you never ſee the injuſtices ſhe does you? Do not you know, that at the ſame time you had a Law Suit

with a Man of your own profeſſion, with whom you would have no Accommodation, ſhe liv'd with him without any quarrel, and ſacrifis'd your Honour and her own, to her irregular Paſſion? Have you been ignorant that the Marqueſs of St--- has been very great with her? And how come you not to perceive, that I was not ill with her?

You ſee well, Madam, that what the Duke ſaid was ſufficient to give the Preſident great light into the counterfeit carriage of his Wife; but when he could yet have ſaid more, the Preſidents Lady interrupted him to anſwer, as ſhe ſaid, his impoſtures, for ſo ſhe call'd the ralliry he made upon his intrigues. The Prince appearing irritated, I was afraid leaſt he would quarrel with the Duke, and I reproach'd with being the occaſion of this difference, I drew the laſt apart, let us go Mr. the Duke ſaid I, and leave

theſe

theſe marry'd People in peace; they may terminate their difference without us.

In effect I oblig'd the Duke to go, and we walk'd in a very fine Garden, whilſt the Abbot *B*—— undertook to reconcile the Husbands and Wives. Although the Duke knew very well there was a great deal of jealouſie in my proceeding, and did not doubt but I had had a true love for the Prince, he did not then make any reflection upon it, he made me underſtand that he was raviſh't at the infidelity of the Preſidents Lady; and that it only had prevented a deſign he had in a few days, to forſake her to apply himſelf to me; that what he had ſaid did not proceed from a true *Chagrin* or diſquiet at her alteration, but from a ſecret Complaiſance he had to all my Sentiments.

The Duke was well made, Liberal and Magnificent, and I very well fore-ſaw that after this adventure I ſhould loſe both the Prince, the Preſident and his Wife. Infine, Madam, I muſt confeſs, I was prevail'd upon by the thoughts that the Merit of a young Perſon was diſtinguiſh'd only by the number of Lovers, and that to paſs the life agreeably, ſhe ought at leaſt to have one. I therefore hearken'd to the Duke, without anſwering nevertheleſs the proteſtations he made to love me till death, but I did not repulſe him ſo much as to make him believe thoſe proteſtations were indifferent to me. I had a very great deſire to ſee the Court, with all the agreements that accompany thoſe who are well born, have great Revenues, and eminent Dignities. As he had a penetrating wit, and knew the deſire I had to appear amongſt the People of great Quality, ſo he flatter'd

flatter'd me by assuring me I should not see any thing there so handsome as my self. The Abbot *B*—— found me very much employ'd in hearing what was said to me; I learn't from him that the President endeavour'd to justifie his Wife; that they laid to my charge the unhappiness of that journey; and that they both resolv'd to ruin me at my Husbands return. The Duke who was displeas'd at this threatning, out of the interest he began to have in my Person, desir'd the Abbot to go to the Presidents Lady and tell her he would answer for the event, and that he would publish to the World what he knew of her good dispositions. The Abbot acquitted himself in his mediation with an exquesite Address, and all was pacified in appearance, but the President could never resolve with himself to pardon me; in earnest, although Madam, all that I have said to you has much

much of the Air of a Romance, and that the Fabulous Heroes have never had occasion to eat, you must observe if you please, that this is a true Story, and that they who compose it are not exempt from that necessity, for my part I found my self much dispos'd to it; I desir'd the Abbot to remember the President of it; his Servants that were arriv'd had prepar'd a very pretty Entertainment. Whilst they were at Table, the Abbot thought fit to discourse about the rules of Tragedy, and the opinion of the Abbot of *Aubignac* concerning *Dramatique* Poetry. He undertook perhaps this Subject, because he had writ some Peices himself, and perhaps to hinder the discoursing of those differences were but just appeas'd.

Since that day I saw none of that Society, and I thought of nothing but shewing my self at Court, where I went with one of the Dukes Sisters.

ers. My Face and my Shape made more noiſe than they deſerved, but you know, Madam, that a Novelty is of great value in the World, and that there is ſcarcely any but ſhe has the art to impoſe upon; 'tis therefore to that I ought to attribute all the pleaſing things were ſaid to me by the Duke *de Saux* and the Marqueſs *de Villeroy*. The Vanity I ſhew'd at it, gave the Duke occaſion to repent he had conducted me to breath that Air; and that which ruin'd me quite was that being one day at *Trianon*, I perceiv'd the King ask'd him who I was, and look't upon me after a manner that made me underſtand he did not think me diſagreeable. The Duke told me I was not deceiv'd.

I muſt confeſs, Madam, that when a Woman is fild with falſe Glory, and has the mind of a perfect Coquet, ſhe is ſubject to ſtrange wandrings. The Duke having aſſur'd

that

that I did not displeaſe the King; I conceiv'd ridiculous Idea's of an imaginary Felicity, and I believed I might arrive to touch the heart of a Monarch. I never ſhew'd my ſelf but I was dres'd as if I was to appear before him; and took great care of my Conduct, that it might not be an obſtacle to my vain hopes. I ſay vain becauſe it is certain all theſe projects paſt only in my imagination, as faſt as theſe illuſions were diſſipated, I began to be more humane, and the Duke took the care to give me many divertiſements, to deſtroy, as he ſaid, the *Chimæra* that had ſo perſecuted me. He lov'd Feaſting, and ſcarce a day paſt but he made me ſome great Entertainment. I carried a hundred Women rather out of Vanity than eſteem, for it is certain Coquets never love any thing; but I did not fore-ſee that this noiſe which I vainly eſteemed an honour,

advanc'd

advanc'd my undoing, and would ſoon plung me into great misfortunes.

My Husband had Orders from the King to go to the Count *De Vignory*, who was then Governour of *Binch*, upon a ſecret expedition. Some difficulty's happen'd which retarded their Deſigns, and oblig'd my Husband to make a longer ſtay at *Binch* than he imagin'd. *Vignory* endeavoured to divert him, and ſhew him perhaps that he was a Man of good Fortune, carry'd him to a Lady's a Neighbour to his Government, by whom he ſeem'd not to be ill receiv'd; and to make his credit in the houſe appear yet greater, he told him that having underſtood from the Lady that ſhe had occaſion for a Gentlewoman to wait on her, he had prefer'd one from *Paris*, who had belong'd to me. Nothing ingag'd my Husband more to make the viſit they propos'd to him

him than the desire to know after what manner I liv'd during his absence. That Gentlewoman whom *Vignory* spoke of, was the treacherous *Limelville*. My Husband saw her, and you may very well think that out of an intention to revenge her self on me for discharging her, she told him every thing that might raise his jealousie. And as she had the Art of enlarging Objects, and giving the appearance of a great Crime to what was but a Trifle, she did not forget to tell him that I was fal'n out with the Prince, the President, and his Lady, and all that she knew concerning my Intrigues. He desir'd her not to discover so important a Secret to any other body, and assur'd her that after he had giv'n me a punishment, he would recall her to employ her in the government of his House. After *Limelville* had so well instructed him, he had no other thoughts then to execute the Orders he

he had receiv'd, that he might have an opportunity to return and give an account of it to the King. They both ſucceeded indifferently well in their Enterpriſe, a conſiderable party of the Enemies was defeated, and my Husband came back to *Paris*, with ſo good news, that he did not fear an ill reception from his Majeſty, altho' he had no particular order for his coming.

Whilſt theſe things paſt, I was not without trouble, for the Duke is not a Man of an eaſie Commerce. Every thing created ſuſpiſions; the moſt innocent actions appear'd to him to be Criminal, and I liv'd in a Conſtraint that began to be inſupportable.

One Evening (and it was the moſt terrible of my life) I reſolv'd to take the Air at the point of the Iſle; this was the quarter where I Lodg'd. You muſt remember, Madam, the Duke reproach'd the Preſidents

ſidents Lady for having an Affair of Gallantry, with the Marqueſs *De Saint*——; 'twas unhappily that Marqueſs I met, and I could not diſpence with my ſelf from ſuffering him to give me his hand to lead me. He had ſeen me in divers places, and not long ſince at *Verſailles*, and my ingaging manner had caus'd in him an inclination for me. I took pleaſure in having a Converſation with a Man that did not ſcold at me, for the Duke had behav'd himſelf towards me like the worſt Husband in the World. I gave him attention for a long time, and when he had ſpoke what he deſir'd to ſay, I told him of the diſguſt I had for all Men in general, and I painted him the Character of ſuch a Lover I ſhould have wiſh'd for. Then I increas'd the puniſhment muſt be endur'd in managing a jealous diſpoſition, and the torment of being capable of the ſame paſſion. I told him

him under falſe Names the diſcontents my Husband and the Duke gave me, and the reaſons of complaint I had receiv'd from all that had ſhew'd me any paſſion. I open'd my heart, in fine, to the Marqueſs without imagining I was overheard, the Night was dark, and I did not obſerve the Duke was at our heels, with a Cloak thrown over his Face. I took ſome few more turns and retired without ſuffering the Marqueſs to conduct me home. When I arriv'd I heard the Duke expected me. I very well comprehended he was not preparing for me an agreeable reception. I was not deceiv'd, after he had told me all the converſation I had had with the Marqueſs, he paſt from words to actions, and altho' my fault conſiſted only in a great imprudence, he gave me as Rigorous a puniſhment, as if it had been an effectual Crime.

Yet

Yet, as it is natural to complain on the like occaſions, I found no little eloquence for that purpoſe. And I was reproaching the Duke with the injuries he did me, when I heard a great noiſe in the Street. I was concern'd too much at my own Affairs to be able to think after the cares of others. The Duke look't out of the window to ſee if the diſorder was cauſed by his Footmen. They did not begin it, but hearing from far, that it happen'd before my Door, they run thither, and not diſcovering the Attaquers from the Attaqu'd fell indifferently upon all they met. During this quarel, I diſcern'd a voice that was not unknown to me, and call'd upon all thoſe Servants my Husband had left with me by their ſeveral Names. They could not anſwer ſince I had turn'd 'em away. You muſt judge what ſurprize this was to me. I could not imagine

imagine whom it ſhould be, but that Night was full of ſurpriſes and unlucky adventures to me.

Whilſt I was hearkning to the Voice, I ſaw my Husband come in like one who had loſt his reaſon with anger. He took what was next his hand, and without having any regard to the Perſon of the Duke, had fell furiouſly upon him, had not his loſs of blood thrown him into a great weakneſs: When he had recover'd from this fainting fit they carryed him to his Chamber; his Servants put him to bed, and I heard by his *Valet de Chambre*, that he had been two days at *Paris*, and came alone with intention to ſurprize me. I could not learn more from this *Valet*, who apparently knew not what he told me. This was enough to make me believe I had occaſion of the protection of the Duke. He promis'd it me, and I ſent to deſire a relation of my Husbands

Husbands to come, and know from him the reaſon of his emportment. This Relation, who had always a great kindneſs for me, arriv'd as the Chirurgions had made the firſt Application of their Remedies to his Wounds. To what danger ſoever ſpeaking much, expos'd my Husbands Life, he told his Relation nevertheleſs all that he knew, he deſir'd him I might be ſhut up, till he had reſolv'd with my Family in what manner to treat me. But, Madam, it is time I ſhould let you know what had animated him ſo furiouſly againſt me. I have told you he was return'd to give an account of his Expedition to the King. His Majeſty receiv'd him very favourably, and permitted him to ſtay Eight days at *Paris*. He had paſt two entirely at the Preſidents who had omitted nothing might ſully me in his opinion; and to render me yet more culpable to the eyes of the

the World, they conſulted my Husband ſhould make himſelf be attack'd by People hir'd for that purpoſe, that ſo they might have an opportunity to report, that I had caus'd him to be aſſaſinated: Chance permitted the Dukes Footman to Wound him, whilſt his Maſter was at my Houſe. He thought nevertheleſs to make no other uſe of this impoſture than to my diſadvantage, and complaining of ſo criminal a deſign, he notwithſtanding juſtified the Duke; being ſatisfied that although he ſhould accuſe him of a ſhare in it, 'twould be difficult to make it believ'd. My Husbands relation prudently advis'd me to retire, before he ſhould receive freſh orders to ſecure me. I follow'd his counſel; I brought away my Jewels and ſome Mony, and went to the counteſs's *de* ——— who receiv'd me very generouſly: after he had ſaid what might replace

ſome tranquility in my mind, ſhe dexterouſly took the time to ſpeak of the little care I had had to preſerve my Reputation, but in ſo good and ſweet a manner, that ſhe made me repent of it without confuſion.

My Husband's Wound was not found ſo dangerous as was imagin'd; but as his illneſs diminiſht, his anger became more violent, and I ſaw my ſelf in a neceſſity of leaving not only *Paris* but the whole Kingdom. I therefore reſolved to put my ſelf under the Protection of the Dutcheſs of *Savoy*. The Duke approved my deſign, and the Charitable Counteſs gave me Letters for all the Court, where were the great Habitudes.

I made my ſelf be call'd Madam *de Courcilly*, and I departed in *Lyon* Coach, with a Maid I never ſaw before. I got into the Coach, and a Man call'd *Bernard* whoſe fidelity and diſcretion I was ſatiſfied

fied in. We took up Three places, and the other were fill'd by the *Abbeſs de Bly*, Two Nuns, and a Rich Banker of *Genova* call'd *Hieronymo Spichetti*. You may gueſs, Madam, by all that I have told you, how my mind was buſied in theſe ſad adventures, and thoſe I was to be expoſed too; but it anger'd me when I reflected how eaſily the Duke had left me, which was more inſupportable to me, than all my Husbands ill uſage. The thoughts of ſeeing my ſelf without Lovers diſcomforted me, for by the coldneſs of his Adieu, I reckon'd him no longer in the number of thoſe that were ſo.

Theſe fooliſh reflections kept me in a profound conſideration, when the *Abbeſs de Bly* had a fancy to regal the Company with a Story of me. I had the pleaſure to hear her tell it from one end to the other with ſuch falſe and ridiculous cir-

cumſtances, that I thought Twenty times to interrupt her and inform her of the truth. Judge in what concern I was when ſhe addreſt her words to me, to make me yield my ſelf the moſt culpable Woman in the World. In fine I was reduced to tell a ſtory full of invented adventures, to force 'em to end an entertainment gave me ſo much puniſhment to her.

Here, Madam, is the place that you muſt mark the fatality of my Stars. Scarce were we arriv'd at the firſt Dining place, when I ſaw the Marqueſs *de Saint* —— coming in. You may imagin perhaps he came by my Order. No aſſuredly, Madam, chance alone was concern'd in it. He went to *Savoy* from the King to compliment their Royal Highneſſes upon the recovery of the Dutcheſs of *Savoy* from a Sickneſs, 'twas thought ſhe would have dy'd of. 'Twas true that he un-

underſtanding there was place for another in the Coach, he took it and left the Poſt, not knowing he ſhould there meet me. When I heard this News I reaſon'd with *Bernard*, whether I ought to diſcover my ſelf, and we concluded that what care ſoever I ſhould take 'twas impoſſible to hide my ſelf from his penetration. I got again nevertheleſs into the Coach, without diſcovering my ſelf to him, and leaſt he ſhould know my Voice, I did not ſpeak. But the *Abbeſs de Bly* did not the like; we had not gone half a League before ſhe had ask'd the Marqueſs if he had not heard the Story of that Lady who would have aſſaſinated her Husband. He Anſwer'd that he had not. The good *Abbeſs* who could ſay it by Heart, began it again, not omitting one word from the manner I had heard her tell it before.

When ſhe came to name me, the

Marquis impos'd ſilence upon her, ſaying, that if ſhe had a mind to tell Stories, there was Subject enough in her convent, without ſearching in another place. This Anſwer had all the effect that I could hope for. The *Abbeſs* held her Tongue, and there was a great ſilence that laſted the reſt of the day.

I confeſs to you, Madam, I found my ſelf very much oblig'd to the Marquis to have freed me ſo honeſtly from the falſities of the *Abbeſs*. Chance would have it, that before we arriv'd to the place where we was to lie, the company was oblig'd to get out of the Coach to paſs a difficult place, becauſe it was night. I remain'd in the Coach and the Man deſcended.

The Marquis apprehending, by the manner of behaviour *Bernard* ſhew'd me, that he was my Servant, ask't him who I was, and 'twas impoſſible to have more joy than

than appear'd in him, when he learnt that I was the ſame perſon for whom he had ſo much eſteem, and inclination, and on whoſe ſide he had engag'd againſt the *Abbeſs*. He was too diſcreet to ſpeak to me before a favourable opportunity.

When we arriv'd where we were to paſs the Night, the Marquis gave me his hand as to an unknown Lady, to help me out of the Coach, and conducting me to the Chamber where the Nuns and I were to reſt, he told me very ſoftly of the joy he had to meet me, and the deſire he had to ſerve me. *Hieronymo Spichetti* did not ſhew leſs care for me than the Marquis, but I received 'em not with ſo much complaiſance. This gave occaſion enough to the *Abbeſs de Bly* and her Nuns to talk, who found with *Chagrin*, they had more time allow'd 'em for their Prayers than they deſir'd.

At laſt we arriv'd at *Lyons*, where

having no acquaintance, the Marqueſs and I went to lodge at *Belle-Cour* a good handſome place, that the *Italian* carry'd us to. This Man according to the maxims of his Country obſerv'd us carefully; and judging both by the way of the Marqueſs and my proceedings with him, that we had been before acquainted did not doubt but we had agreed upon this rencounter. He diſſembled it, as well as the ſentiments which rendr'd him ſo curious about my Affairs, and there grew a friendſhip between him and the Marqueſs.

As it would not have been decent I ſhould have arriv'd at *Turin* with the Marqueſs, *Spichetti* told him he would take care of my Journy, and ſave me the fatigue of paſſing the Mountains, which on the ſide of *France* are very inconvenient for their height, and exceſſive cold. Altho he had not an entire know-

ledge

ledge of my Affairs he nevertheleſs knew that I fled from the perſecution of my Husband. So that joyning to it the opinion he had of my ſilence whilſt the *Abbeſs* was telling my Story, he doubted no longer of the truth. He did not explain his thoughts, neither to me nor the Marqueſs, to whom he only ſaid he would conduct me through *Provence*, and enter *Savoy* by *Italy*, and that leaving *Lyon* at the ſame time, and taking our paſſage on the *Rhône* we ſhould get to *Turin* a Fortnight after his arrival.

I was not ſorry to ſee *Provence*, and ſo much the more willingly I accepted of *Spichetti*'s propoſition, becauſe he told me his Affairs call'd him likewiſe to *Turin*, at the ſame time I intended to be there. We embarqu'd upon the *Rhône* as far as *Avignon*.

I muſt not forget to tell you, Madam, *Bernard* was not a little trou-

bled to ſee me yield my ſelf ſo eaſily to the conduct of *Spichetti*. The Affection he had for me made him ſee what was my intereſt, and murmur more than once at my imprudence, but I could not eſcape fulfilling my deſtiny.

When we were at *Avignon*, *Spichetti* lodg'd me in a very fine Building belonging to a Friend of his. 'Twas ſituated in the Pope's Territories two Miles from the Town, whoſe ſplendour he took care to ſhew me.

When Three Days were pas'd I let him know it was time to be gone. I ſhall not take the care, Madam, ſaid he, to deliver you my ſelf into my Rivals Arms. I was ſtruck at theſe words like a Tunderbolt, and they made me call to mind all the Miſchiefs I could fear.

They were follow'd by an infinite number of others, which *Spichetti* made uſe of to declare his paſſion

paſſion for me, and that there was no difficulty but he would undertake to make himſelf be belov'd by me, nor no violence that he ſhould not be carry'd to, if I was not touch'd at his Paſſion. I ſeem'd as if I did not believe he ſpoke ſinceerly, I turn'd what he ſaid into Gallantry, but I had not much time to rally, for he never left me, and his perſecution went ſo far, that I found my ſelf oblig'd more than once to run to the worſt extremities, thereby to eſcape the effects of a Brutal emportment he ſhew'd towards me. Till now, Madam I had been but too ſenſible of the pleaſures of Loving and being Belov'd; I was now to be puniſh'd for it by the torment an averſion cauſes.

I had a Mortal hatred for *Spichetti*, and if I made him any appearance of ſatisfaction it enlarg'd his hopes, he grew very much irritated and I ſaw that nothing but a Mi-

racle, or the end of my life could terminate my misfortunes. *Bernard* who had eſtabliſh't himſelf a right of adviſing in all my Actions, perſecuted me on his ſide for not following his counſel, and I confeſs to you, I never found my ſelf in ſo ill a condition. In fine *Hieronymo*, calling me one day by my true Name, told me he was inſtructed in all my adventures, and if I determined not to acknowledg the Paſſion he had for me, he would advertiſe my Husband I was in his hands, and whilſt he was expected I ſhould be ſo carefully obſerv'd, that it was impoſſible for me to eſcape.

I obſtinately told him he was miſtaken in me, but *I* could not perſwade him ſo. He was ignorant of nothing in my Affairs, and *I* have not yet known from whence he had ſo perfect an intelligence. The miſerable condition

I was reduc'd to made me think of nothing but death: and *I* reſolv'd it rather than conſent to ſatisfie the Brutal Paſſion of the *Italian*: yet as *I* was not ignorant of being oblig'd to undergo any thing might free me from his perſuit, before *I* abandon'd my life to my deſpair, *I* examin'd what might contribute to my liberty. *I* immediately took my Jewels out of my cabinet, and Bills of Exchange for a conſiderable Sum, with what Mony *I* had left, and the Letters of recommendation to the Dutcheſs of *Savoy*. *I* put all into *Bernards* hands, *Spichetti* not perceiving it, and telling him that he ſhould for the future regulate my conduct, deſir'd him to find out ſome means to guard me from the violences my Tyrant menac'd me with. We agreed, that to do it with more eaſe, he ſhould ſeem to leave me, he did it in appearance, and brib'd the Gardiner of the Houſe to

give

give me intelligence of what he ſhould advance towards my quiet.

The time that *Spichetti* had appointed was approaching and *I* ſaw not my Affairs in a better condition, when it came in my mind to demand of him yet ſome few days. He ought to accord 'em me he thought, becauſe *I* made him underſtand the Continuance of his Love began to concern me. 'Twas at this time that imagining to perſwade me by his Riches, he made me conceive Ideas that with thoſe of another diſpoſition might have ſerv'd inſtead of merit; but *I* was not to be prevail'd upon by the offers he made me. There was but one Day to arrive before that which *Spichetti* expected with ſo much impatience, when *I* was inform'd every thing was ready for my eſcape, and *I* had only to deſcend by a Ladder of Ropes ſhould be faſten'd

faſten'd to my Window that lookt into the Garden, and that I ſhould find in the Gardiners Houſe the Habits of Two Men for me and my Chamber-maid, and that *Bernard* would expect me with Two Horſes a Hundred paces from the Garden. Altho this project was well laid, the ſucceſs might have been thought more difficult then it appear'd, if we had reflected that *Hieronyme* was an *Italian* in Love, Jealous, and Suſpitious, and that they are terrible Monſters to allay in an affair of this importance; but in great dangers great reſolutions muſt be taken. An accident happen'd which ſmooth'd the difficulty. *Spichetti* was taken with a violent Feavour, and tho he was light-headed did not want reaſon enough to order, that *I* ſhould be cloſe lockt up in my Chamber. This care did not hinder me from eſcaping the way

that

that was propos'd, and we rid all Night without knowing which way we went, at last when Day began to break, we found our selves on the top of a High Mountain from whence we discover'd a number of others, that made a very agreeable solitude. We travell'd till Sun rise a Road very little beaten, which not long after led us to a Hermitage in a solitary Situation.

The Charitable Hermits I found there, receiv'd me as well as possibly they could. I had never before been on Horseback; I was tyr'd, and in necessity to repose my self, I demanded a place proper for it, and the most ancient of the Hermits carried me into a neat Cell, where I slept for some time. When the Inquietudes that employ'd my mind had waken'd me, I rejoyn'd the Hermits who had provided a little repast of Hearbs and Fruits, and the

neatness

neatneſs of it ſupply'd the abundance. 'Twas in the beginning of Summer; if I had had the leaſt inclination to have pas'd my life in a Deſart, free from the Noiſe and Commerce of the World, I ſhould have thought this ſolitude very delightful; but I was not in a condition to hearken peaceably to the ſinging of the Birds, and the eccho's of the adjacent places, or yet to contemplate the Beauty of the Rocks. Cares of another nature had ſufficiently fill'd my breaſt. The Hermit that undertook to entertain me, had ſoon perceiv'd I had great *Chagrins*; he took the opportunity to ſay what he thought proper to Adminiſter Conſolation to me. I obſerv'd more underſtanding and politeneſs in his diſcourſe than the Hermits commonly have; but that which ſurpris'd me moſt was, that after he had attentively look't upon me, he told me I wore a Habit that did not belong

long to my Sex; I might have thought that he had discover'd it by my Face and Shape; but continuing to look upon me, he added, that Love had been the occasion of all the misfortunes of my life; I gave him the minute of my Birth according to his command, and he told me a great many things in general that he advis'd me to endeavour to escape. Although he spoke to me after the most serious manner, I made it a subject of Laughter, not being able to imagine that being born a minute sooner or later would make me either happy, or miserable, nevertheless he told me much of the time to come, and his Predictions were not false. After this I was thinking to leave the Hermit, and ask him to what place it was best for me to retire, to have intelligence of my Affairs, when my Chamber-maid who fell a sleep upon

upon the Ground, was ſtung by a *Scorpion*: This accident oblig'd me to paſs two days in the Deſert, during which time this Hermit had ſo much conſideration for me as to tell me the ſtory of his life, and made himſelf appear a Man of Quality. His Life was compos'd of a number of ſtrange accidents; but I have ſo much to tell you that concerns me that I ſhall only ſpeak of the Hermit in matters neceſſary to my recital.

In fine, my dear Child, ſaid he, you ſee an unhappy man who gave himſelf entirely over to the World, and that when he remembers it, has a true ſorrow, for the wandrings were occaſion'd by thoſe dangerous Maxims. The knowledge I have of the diſgraces accompany thoſe who are not diſguſted with it, makes me have a great Compaſſion for you, and inſpires me with a deſign to ſerve you. I have a Woman my

Friend

Friend two Leagues from hence, at whoſe Houſe you may paſs your time with more Convenience, and Decency than in this retirement. 'Tis there that I would adviſe you to attend the News of what you deſire to be informed in, and I in the mean time will go ſpend ſome few days at *Avignon* ; I will learn what is become of *Spichetti*, and will eſtabliſh a Commerce with a Friend of his, who is mine alſo, that I may know what ſteps he follows. I muſt tell you likewiſe that the place I adviſe you to make your Sanctuary, is not leſs agreeable than this, and that it is famous in above one particular. The Name of it ought not to be unknown to you ; 'tis *Vaucluſe* which was formerly the abode of the famous *Petrarque*, of the Charming *Laura*. You will ſee that marvellous Spring, which has been the occaſion of

ſo

ſo many fine Verſes ; but if theſe Objects give you ſo much concern as to recall into your memory the Amours of the Poet and his Miſtreſs, thoſe very ſame Objects, whereof nothing remains but ſad foot-ſteps, and confuſion, may let you know that every thing in the World is periſhable. I deſir'd the Hermit to tell me the ſtory of *Petrarque's* Amours, and when I had heard it I had then a greater deſire to ſee the place of his abode. We parted ; I took a Letter he gave me for his Friend, and *Petrarque's* Poems in *Italian*, and gave him in a thouſand thanks the acknowledgment I had of his goodneſs. He very much adviſ'd *Bernard* not to abandon me, and ſhew'd him the way we were to take to *Vaucluſe*.

In the Evening we arriv'd at Madam *de Maſelons*, whoſe houſe is but a quarter of a League from the

the Fountain. This Lady though advanc'd in Years, had yet a good Meen, and ſome remains of Beauty that ſhew'd what an agreeable Perſon ſhe had been; She was decent without magnificence, and had a great deal of politneſs without any affectation.

I had ſent *Bernard* to deliver her the Letter from her Friend, and ſhe had receiv'd it with great joy. I had the good fortune not to diſpleaſe her, and ſhe ſhew'd me a thouſand ſigns of reſpect. The good Hermite, who had told her by the Letter what I had confided to him about my Quality, diſcover'd alſo my diſguiſe, and ingag'd her to keep both with ſecreſie. She promis'd it me, and I have not had reaſon to complain of her want of diſcretion.

When I arriv'd at her houſe, ſhe

ſhe preſented her Daughter to me, whom I ſaluted *en Cavalier*, with the *Embertaſs*, you may imagine a Compliment gave me I had not been accuſtom'd to. She was of a ſurpriſing Beauty, and I afterwards knew that there was not fewer Charms in her Wit than Face; yet the firſt Civilities being agreeably paſs'd on all ſides, I remarqu'd a profound melancholy both in the Mother and Daughter, that extreamly ſurpris'd me; I was not long ignorant of the reaſon, for the Daughter was in mourning, and the Mother could not think of her diſquiet without ſhedding Tears at every Moment. 'Twas for the death of a Son that was kill'd at *Candia*; they both ſpoke of him as a Man of an extraordinary Merit.

The Habitude I had contracted together by melancholy having given

given a little moderation to my natural Gaiety, I had a little conformity to the condition Madam *de Mezelon* and her amiable Daughter were in. 'Twas this that made a ſtrict Friendſhip amongſt us, but truely out of different Motives, for the Mother knew who I was; but the Daughter was ignorant of it, and ſuffer'd her ſelf to be ſurpris'd with a violent inclination for me, which ſhe ſtrove againſt with all the reaſons that might repulſe it; was rather with my Stars than my merit that made me meet with Love in any ſhape that I took. When we had paſs'd a few days at Madam *Mezelon's*, I ſent *Bernard* to *Turin*, to hear ſome news of the Marqueſs *de* St.— and to ſee if there was any appearance of the paſſing my time agreeably during my Exile. I writ alſo to *Paris*, and Madam *de Mezelon* gave me an Addreſs to *Sorgues* to receive the anſwers of my Letters.

Poor

Poor *Bernard* could not leave me without ſhewing a ſenſible regret at it; he came back Twenty times from my Anti-Chamber to take his leave, and Ten times from places more diſtant, his affection always furniſhing him with new Counſels either about my health, ſafety, or conduct.

I went to ſee *Vaucluſe*; and his lovely Seat made me have great reflections upon all the places, *Petrarque* and *Laura* had made choice of to paſs in a happy Retirement the ſweeteſt moments of their Loves and Life. I was ſaying to my ſelf I never injoy'd any true happineſs; that the only deſire of pleaſing had always buried me, and I never knew the delightful Charms were cauſed by the Union of two hearts, ſincerely concern'd for each other.

The lovely *Feliza* (for ſo Madam *de Mezelon's* Daughter was call'd)

was ſerv'd by a Gentlewoman of wit enough, and whoſe Name was *Théréſia*, theſe young Women took all the care imaginable that I ſhould not be tired in their Company, and we went every day to *Vaucluſe*, becauſe this place inſpir'd us with very agreeable Converſation upon what had formerly paſs'd here as was reported. I underſtood *Italian*, which *Feliza* and *Théréſia* did not well enough, for *Petrarques* Poems I explain'd to 'em, with no little pleaſure, what he had writ with the greateſt tenderneſs. *Feliza* who diſcover'd not leſs in hearkning to me; often caſt ſuch languiſhing looks at me, that I was learned enough in that dumb language, to comprehend without any other explication the meaning of her Eyes; but I counterfitted not to underſtand 'em, and a thouſand times I wiſh'd, ſhe might never have a deſire to make more open diſcovery of her Sentiments. All

All my wiſhes were to no purpoſe, and the too kind *Feliza* could not hinder her ſelf from declaring ſhe lov'd me. I receiv'd it with as much confuſion as ſhe had to tell it me; and as Lovers are very ingenious towards their own torment, ſhe perſwaded her ſelf my heart was prevented by another Object, ſo that adding Jealouſie to Love, ſhe contracted a *Chagrin*, that diminiſh't a little of her Beauty, and made me ſenſible of a true Compaſſion.

Madam *de Mezelon* perceiv'd as well as I the reaſon of her melancholy, for that Lady was not ignorant in the Myſteries of Love; but ſeeing nothing redoubtable in that her Daughter had for me, was unwilling to deceive her at the coſt of my Secret. I could not for my part reſolve to abuſe her any longer, I went one day into her Chamber, after I had deſir'd Madam *Mezelon* to employ

Théréſia during my diſcourſe with *Feliza*. I found her alone, her head leaning on her left Arm, and her Eyes fixed upon the ground, and in a poſture infine altogether fit for the Deſcription of a very melancholy Creature. The habit that covered my Sex, cauſing her to be a little ſcrupulous of remaining alone with me as I deſir'd, ſhe roſe to call *Théréſia*; but I ſtopt her by her Gown. I conjure you, my dear *Feliza*, ſaid I, by all the marks of Friendſhip you have hitherto ſhew'd me, to grant me one audience that none may be a witneſs to. Alaſs! anſwer'd *Feliza*, what can you tell me that my misfortune has not already foreſeen? I will, reply'd I, alter the opinion you have that I am not ſenſible enough of the kindneſs you have made appear to me, and give you the greateſt confirmation of mine that you can ever receive.

At theſe words ſhe look't upon me to ſee if ſhe could diſcover by my Eyes what I had to ſay, and by the languiſhing of hers, 'twas eaſie for me to know, that her heart was truly concern'd: At laſt I confeſt to her I could anſwer her love only with Friendſhip, and diſcover'd that I was a woman; but, Madam, this ſecret was ſo far from reeſtabliſhing a Calm in her breaſt, that at this Moment it rais'd a greater trouble; the confuſion ſhe had for diſcovering me her Sentiments, made her bluſh; and by a particular Novelty, ſhe ſhew'd a regret for a paſſion ſhe found it impoſſible to get rid off, though ſhe had taſted nothing but the rigours of it, and which ſhe knew very well I was incapable to anſwer. I did my utmoſt to convince her, that a reciprocal Friendſhip was the greateſt and moſt ſolid pleaſure. She could ſcarcely be-

lieve me ; nevertheleſs her reaſon in a few days brought that to paſs my advice could not obtain in this Converſation. She overcame the force of her inclination, but I knew when I ſaw her next, it had coſt her ſome Tears.

Since this time ſhe accuſtom'd her ſelf to my Sex, we paſt more than a Fortnight in Tranquility and Pleaſure. One Evening as we were at the Fountain of *Vaucluſe*, after we had entertain'd our ſelves upon different Subjects, I fell a ſleep, my head upon *Feliza's* knees, when two Cavaliers were paſſing by ; *Feliza* knew 'em not becauſe their heads were a little turn'd from us, and they were not quite ſo near as we might diſcern their Features ; one of 'em nevertheleſs recall'd in her the Idea ſhe had of her dear Brother, whom ſhe lov'd with ſuch tenderneſs. She wakened me to ſee him, and tho'

he

he was at a diſtance, he ſeem'd to me very handſome.

When we came back to our Appartment, we went into Madam *de Mezelons* Chamber, and found her loaded with grief. Ah Knight, ſaid ſhe (for ſo I made my ſelf be call'd) am not I very unhappy? my affliction began to yield to the power of time, and I was making a reaſon of neceſſity to ſuffer patiently the loſs of my Son, when it was renew'd by telling me he was ſeen to paſs by not a hundred paces from my Houſe. He was deſcrib'd to me in the ſame guarb he had when he left me; this tender Mother could not reſtrain her tears from ſo ſad and dear a remembrance. We acquainted her with what we ſaw, and that quite diſconſolated her; I had much adoe to appeaſe her trouble when I told her there were many People ſo like, that every day ſome body

or other was deceiv'd. I had entertain'd her till Midnight, when retiring to my Chamber, the Porter brought me this Note that was put into his hands to deliver to me. This was the Contents.

I Will not enter into a Houſe that you have diſhonour'd, before I have taken away your life to puniſh you for your Ingratitude. My Eyes have convinc'd me of the ſhame which honour obliges me to waſh out with your Blood, and I have from other hands too certain teſtimonys of your looſe Conduct to be deceiv'd. I will expect you to morrow at Sun riſe at the place where you was yeſterday with my unworthy Siſter. Do not fail to be there, and give me an opportunity for my juſt Revenge; if you would not have me take a more violent reſolution.

Judge

Judge, Madam, with what ſurprize I found I had an Affair upon my hands. I eaſily apprehended what had drawn it upon me; I went immediately to ſhew the Paper to Madam *de Mezelon*, who receiv'd all joy imaginable by it; ſhe expected day-light with great impatience that ſhe might go to the place of Combat. She went thither alone; for all ſhe was his Mother, She was fond to ſuffer the reproaches of her Son, for it was he himſelf; ſhe ſmilingly hearkened to 'em, and you may believe ſhe was not angry to find her Son ſo ſenſible of Honour. After ſhe had ſuffer'd him to continue ſome time in his error, ſhe clear'd it by telling him ſome part of my Adventures, and made him a Confident in the Secret of my Sex, known now to the Mother, the Daughter, and the Son. He increaſt very much the anger he had conceiv'd

to ſee his Siſter ſuffer a Man to ſleep upon her knees ; and added that he was coming to kill us both, but thinking that his Siſter might be marryed in his abſence, he determin'd to inform himſelf before he ſhould commit an action of ſuch conſequence, and that for that purpoſe he had addreſt himſelf to one who had formerly been a Servant in the Houſe, and that this Man had told him that I was ſeen every day with *Feliza* about *Vaucluſe*, and every body began to raiſe ſcandals upon it.

Madam *de Mezelon* told her Son a thouſand things to my advantage, and ſhe preſented him to me when ſhe had brought him home. The pleaſanteſt thing that happen'd in all this was, that there was a report among the Servants that *Mezelon* had ſent me a Challenge; ſo that when he came to embrace me, the ſame People that thought we

we were Enemies, fancy'd I was marry'd to his Siſter, and that the thing was to be kept ſecret.

After this firſt interview, *Mezelon* took ſome minutes to refreſh himſelf, and to put himſelf into a condition to appear before me. In fine, Madam, what ſhall I ſay to you? The Brother was provided with the ſame ſentiments the Siſter had for me when I firſt ſought a retirement.

I was in *Feliza's* Chamber when he came in, and this charming Creature either by fore-knowledge or out of rallery, told me ſhe was very ſure her Brother would not ſee me long, without rendring Homage to my charms. As ſoon as he was ſate down, well Brother ſaid ſhe, would not you think me to day as culpable as yeſterday, were you not inform'd of the truth of it? remember, Siſter,

to ſee his Siſter ſuffer a Man to ſleep upon her knees ; and added that he was coming to kill us both, but thinking that his Siſter might be marryed in his abſence, he determin'd to inform himſelf before he ſhould commit an action of ſuch conſequence, and that for that purpoſe he had addreſt himſelf to one who had formerly been a Servant in the Houſe, and that this Man had told him that I was ſeen every day with *Feliza* about *Vaucluſe*, and every body began to raiſe ſcandals upon it.

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anſwer'd *Mezelon*, my anger did not fall upon you, and I believe I inwardly excus'd you. But I know not if I have not yet more reaſon to complain of that handſome Cavalier then I had, and whether I ſhall not drive my reſentment ſo far as to give him a ſecond aſſignation at *Petrarque's* Fountain. As my Courage is not return'd ſince the laſt night, ſaid I, you may come back and not find me there as you did this Morning. Seriouſly, Madam, reply'd *Mezelon* I believe you would have done as much had you been in my place. I ſaw a handſome Cavalier with my Siſter, and in a very familiar poſture. I enquir'd if they are Marry'd, and am told not. After this methinks —— I do not blame your proceeding, ſaid I, interrupting him, I only deſire it may ſerve to let you know, that you muſt never make any Judgment from appearances, let 'em be never ſo great. This

This converſation which laſted long, made me know that *Mezelon* had an infinite deal of Wit, and thoſe I have had ſince did not permit me to doubt that he had a true Paſſion for me. How was it poſſible, Madam, to breath the Air of *Vaucluſe* for Five or Six Months and not be touch'd with Love? What then pas'd in my Breaſt, made me agree, that I had never yet Lov'd any thing, and ſuffer'd only people to admire me. I had not hitherto been ſenſible of the agreeable inquietudes the Heart poſſeſſes, when 'tis not yet fully determin'd to abandon it ſelf to Love. I had been ignorant of thoſe ſenſible pleaſures it is penetrated with at the beginning of an Amour; thoſe nothings that cauſe ſuch great effects, and all thoſe things, in fine that the indifferent call follies, and the Lovers eſteem their moſt agreeable entertainment. I had for-

got

got all my misfortunes, and the only one I fear'd, was to be oblig'd to part from *Mezelon*, I would not ſo much as think that *Bernards* return might engage me to make a journey; and I accomodated my Morality to my Love. And ſaid often to my ſelf, that the hatred my Husband had ſhew'd me, rendred the conjugal Vow a diſpenſable obligation. In a word, Madam, I only forbid what concern'd mine own Honour as well as his, and the reſt I eſteem'd as nothing.

Moſt of the Women of the World if they were ſinceer would confeſs ingeniouſly as I do, for I do not believe I am the firſt of this kind. *Mezelon*'s return drew a great many conſiderable Perſons to their Houſe. He was Extreamly belov'd, and every one who ſaw him, took pleaſure to make him tell the Story of his falſe Death and Reſurrection, but we had not yet deſir'd him. One

One Evening when I was with his Mother, his Siſter and another Relation, he was engag'd to make a recital of what happen'd to him in his Journey to *Candia*; he did it after this faſhion.

MEZELON's

Relation.

I Embarqu'd in the Duke of *Beaufort's* Veſſel, and I cannot tell your Ladies if the Sea was calm or agitated; I know only I was Sick as long as I was upon the Sea, that *I* never appear'd upon the Deck before I arriv'd at *Candia*, and in the interval, what

I endur'd employ'd me ſo much that it did not permit me to learn one ſingle Sea tearm. When *I* Landed my health was perfectly eſtabliſh't, and *I* appli'd my ſelf much to the Perſon of the General, whoſe example gave ſufficient emulation to thoſe who would profit by it.

The Common reports have taken care to inform you of all that pas'd during that Siege, ſo that *I* ſhall not enter into a deſcription of things that muſt of neceſſity be tireſome when they are already known; and I am perſwaded 'tis neither the Hiſtory of the *Turks*, nor *Venetians*, but mine you deſire to know. Learn then, I was dangerouſly Wounded the laſt Day. I was near, as I ſaid, to the Duke of *Beaufort*, who had ſent his adjutants to carry Orders in ſeveral places; he Commanded me alſo to go Order ſome Troops

to advance, for the relief of a Battalion that began to yield to the Enemy. I did not find him at my return, and at the ſame time a report of his being kil'd was ſpread abroad amongſt us. I threw my ſelf into the crowd to ſatisfie me; but I got only by it a blow on the Head with a Scymiter, and another on my Shoulders, which hinder'd me not nevertheleſs from ſtaying with thoſe that enter'd laſt into the place.

The ill fortune of this day was the reaſon they would not receive me at my lodging. There was no choice to make, I found my ſelf in great pain; my Wounds had not been dreſt, and I began to grow very weak. The Patriarch of *Candia*, and his Eldeſt Daughter meeting me in this condition, charitably carry'd me to their Houſe, the ſuccour they gave me de-

deliver'd me from a great embarraſment; but that which was lucky to me at that moment, became afterwards my greateſt misfortune.

The Patriarch's Daughter, whoſe Name was *Euſtochia*, dreſt my Wounds, and gave me occaſion to Commend her cares; but I always held it for a Maxim, that the good turns which are receiv'd from a fair hand, oblige much more than thoſe which come from a deform'd Object. *Euſtochia* was of the number of the latter, I never ſaw ſo frightful a Face; ſhe kept me as ſecret as was poſſible, and the *French* were on Board when ſhe had told me nothing of it.

I was reported dead, becauſe I had not appear'd in the Town ſince the Day of the Battle, and my Land-

Landlord durſt not ſay he had refus'd me. Our Troops in fine were March'd away, and I ſtay'd behind.

When I was cur'd, *Euſtochia* pretended I ſhould pay with my Heart, the good Offices ſhe had render'd me; but the bounds of my acknowledgments were not in her opinion ſo far extended.

Euſtochia had a Siſter to whom I ſhould have been very glad to have ow'd my Life; and without this obligation I would have willingly pay'd her, what was due to her Siſter. I lookt upon her with pleaſure; *Euſtochia* perçeiv'd it, and judging of the Sentiments her Siſter had inſpir'd me with, ſhe fell immediately from Love to Hatred, and to a deſire of ruining me. As there are no Hearts more capable of Love than the

Greeks,

Greeks, ſo there is nothing more Violent than their Hatred. The Town was ſurrended you know, and the *Turks* enter'd it victoriouſly. *Euſtochia* made an acquaintance with a *Janizary*, who regretted extreamly a Brother he had loſt in the laſt Battle. She inform'd her ſelf how he was made, what Command he had in the Army, and told him ſome few Days after, ſhe believ'd it was I who had kil'd him.

The *Janizary* without making reflection that there was no likelyhood ſhe could know what ſhe told him, thought of nothing but revenging his Brothers death, and ſhew'd her the deſire he had to have me in his Power; ſhe engag'd to deliver me, but her charitable Siſter having diſcover'd it, could not conſent to ſee me periſh ſo unjuſtly; and as there was

no

no time to be omitted for my ſafe ty, ſhe took a reſolution equally Bold and Generous. She knew that her Father had not Force enough to reſiſt *Euſtochia's* pleaſure, and that the meaſure ſhe ſhall take on that ſide would be to no purpoſe; ſhe was not ignorant alſo that the *Grand-Vizier* would not ſuffer any Violence to be committed againſt the treaty of Capitulation, particularly upon the Perſon of a *French-man.* Theſe reaſons oblig'd her to cauſe her ſelf to be carry'd before the *Vizier*, and in *Greek* which he underſtood as well as the fair one perfectly ſpoke, ſaid to him to this purpoſe.

I come, Great Lord, to demand Juſtice of you, not againſt the Souldiers or Officers of your Army, but againſt my own Siſter, who by a baſe Sentiment has been ſeduc'd to commit ſo black an

an action that I cannot think of it without horror. A young *French-man* remain'd in my Fathers Houſe; it is true that my Siſter ſeeing him in danger took a great deal of care of him, and has cur'd him of Two dangerous Wounds, but would now make the Life ſhe has preſerv'd be taken from him, by a return as ſhameful as dangerous to the *French-man*; and joyning Impoſture to Reſentment, ſhe has made the Janizary *Achidec* believe that the unhappy *French-man* had kil'd his Brother in the laſt Battle, and has promis'd to deliver him the innocent *Victim*, which ſhe Sacrifices rather to her own revenge than the grief of *Achidec*. Begin to eſtabliſh here, Great Lord, Laws of equity, and let my Siſter receive your Orders from you, before ſhe has leiſure to execute her cruel reſolutions.

Auguſta

Auguſta (which was the Name of my deliverer) ſpoke theſe words with ſo much Zeal and Grace, that the *Grand-Vizier* was perſwaded. He ſent immediately to me an Officer with Twenty Souldiers, and they arriv'd very luckily for me; ſince an hour later the Compaſſion of *Aguſta* had been to no purpoſe. I appear'd before the *Grand-Vizier* whom I did not diſpleaſe. He underſtands *French* well enough but does not ſpeak it. Altho I did not Sing very well, *Euſtochia* and *Auguſta* had often found my Voice agreeable enough to be ſatisfied with it, the laſt of theſe knowing that the *Grand-Vizier* lov'd Muſick, made him be acquainted that if he would make me Sing I was capable to give him ſome pleaſure; ſo after he had ask'd me ſeveral queſtions about the Perſon and Conqueſts of our great Maſter, he fell inſenſibly to talk about the addreſs of the *French*, and the

the advancement they had made in all Arts, and particularly in Poetry and Muſick. From hence he pas'd to what concern'd me, and told me in an obliging manner, that ſurpris'd me, that he knew I could Sing, and he believ'd I would not refuſe him the ſatisfaction to hear me. I had learnt ſome Airs from the famous *Lambert*, which I Sung him the beſt I could. I had wounded without doubt the moſt critical Ears; but the *Vizier* was contented. He made *Achidec* be ſent for, and Commanded him not to think of doing me any miſchief; and he gave himſelf the touble to tell him, that what *Euſtochia* had ſaid to him, was only to make him aſſiſtant to her revenge, and that it was impoſſible for her toknow whether I had kil'd his Brother.

After

After this the Grand Vizier gave me leave to be gone, preſenting me with a rich Symeter. You know perhaps it was one of the Articles of the Capitulation, that thoſe of *Candia*, who would not remain under the Government of the *Turks*, ſhould have a Months Liberty to retire where they pleas'd. Some went to *Sicily*, others to *Italy*. I for my part reſolv'd to embark with thoſe who went to *Sicily*, where the *Meſſineſes* began to riſe, but when I propos'd it to the lovely *Auguſta*, her fears and ſighs overcame my reſolutions. I conſented not to depart, and I aſſur'd her ſhe ſhould always diſpoſe of as ſhe pleas'd, a life ſhe had ſo generouſly preſerv'd; the furious *Euſtochia* rais'd every day ſome new Affair to deſtroy me, and I am going to tell you one that was within a very little of producing the effect ſhe expected. You may

well imagine that when I was once got out of the Patriarch's Houſe, I came no more into it. *Auguſta* deſir'd one of her Relations to find me a Houſe, where I might ſtay till my departure. *Euſtochia* had intelligence of it. She dextrouſly brib'd a *Turk* for my deſtruction, and told him he was to get acquainted with me, and take me up upon the account of Religion: this *Turk* underſtood *Italian*, ſhe knew that I ſpoke it, and for that purpoſe had made choice of him; and as it was an unpardonable Crime for a Chriſtian to talk Religion to a *Turk*, ſhe thought a ſnare was laid for me, that I could not poſſibly eſcape.

The *Turk* having receiv'd theſe inſtructions took his meaſures to make me acquainted with him: he took every opportunity to render me little Services, to inſinuate into me, and oblige me to ſpeak to him

him with more confidence. At laſt after ſeveral entertainments about indifferent matters, he inſenſibly engag'd me to reaſon with him about the Myſteries of our Faith. I did it without the leaſt imagination to convince him of the truths I ſhould ſpeak, becauſe he had always ſeemed to me very averſe to any Maxims but thoſe of the *Alcoran*. But yet he ſo well remembred what I had told him concerning our Religion, that he did not forget a ſingle Word; and according to his bargain with the Cruel *Euſtochia*, he went to the Grand Vizier and told him, that I would have perſwaded him to turn Chriſtian. I thought of nothing leſs than the deſign was form'd againſt me, and I had juſt left the fair *Auguſta*, when I was ſeiz'd on by twelve *Turks*, who violently dragg'd me into a dark Priſon, in all likelyhood abuſing

me all the way, for I did not underſtand their Language; but by the manner they us'd me I could have no better hopes. *Auguſta* having learnt my misfortune, went again to the Grand Vizier, and endeavour'd to make him know it was another effect of my Siſter's Animoſity. She deſcrib'd me very uncapable of the Crime was imputed to me, and beſeech'd him to ſuſpend his Judgment, till ſhe had found out the means to diſcover the truth.

My Perſon and my Voice were not diſpleaſing to the Grand Vizier. He happily for me did not forget it, and granted *Auguſta* twelve days for my juſtification: but as ſhe doubted her Siſter would make uſe of the Patriarch's Authority to hinder her from aſſiſting me, ſo ſhe retir'd to Relations, for fear ſhe ſhould not have the Liberty to go abroad.

Some days had paſt without a-

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ny diſcovery of what might aſſiſt her in that ſhe had undertaken for me; and the time the Grand Vizier had given her being almoſt expired, they were even preparing in the Town to ſee me ſuffer, when a young Maid a Servant in the Patriarch's Houſe, came to ſee *Auguſta* where ſhe was retir'd, and told her that *Euſtochia* often diſcours'd with the *Turk*, who had ſuffered himſelf to be brib'd. *Auguſta* engaged this Maid to declare before the Grand Vizier what ſhe knew of it, and deſir'd at the ſame time it would pleaſe him to bring me face to face with my Accuſer. He as ſoon made me be ſent for out of Priſon before him, and *Euſtochia* and the *Turk* being brought to hear what they would ſay, ſhe he commanded the laſt by *Alla*, to tell the truth, and for what motive he had charg'd me with this fault. My Preſence and

the Oath the *Turk* was oblig'd to take, ſhook his reſolution ſo much, that he confeſs'd *Euſtochia* had engag'd him to ſay what he had ſaid againſt me; that truly I had ſpoke to him concerning the Chriſtian Religion, but that he firſt had began the diſcourſe, and that far from uſing any Arguments to perſwade him to be of it, I was contented to anſwer the queſtions he had demanded of me: the Grand Vizier ſatisfy'd of my Innocency, condemn'd the *Turk* to the ſame Puniſhment was deſign'd for me; he ſeriouſly reprimanded *Euſtochia*, prais'd *Auguſta*'s generoſity, and ſet me at liberty: and as he knew the Patriarch was angry with *Auguſta*, for retiring from his Houſe, without his conſent, he oblig'd the Father to pardon the generous Maid. I deſir'd ſeveral times favour for the *Turk*; but what inſtances ſoever I could make on that Subject

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he continually anſwer'd me there was no pardon for faults of that nature.

Since this day, *Auguſta* was the firſt who deſir'd me to leave a place where ſoon or late ſome ill accident would happen to me. I parted from her with an extreme regret, to leave her expos'd to the hatred of her Siſter, and I ſhew'd her, when I took my leave, all the acknowledgments ſhe could expect from a heart ſenſibly penetrated by the obligations ſhe had done me.

I embark'd with ſome of *Candia*, who made choice of *Sicily* for their retreat, and I happily arriv'd there. I ſtaid but eight Days, and I took the opportunity to paſs into *France*, in a Merchant's Veſſel, that had brought Silks from *Meſſina*. You may think my Equipage was none of the moſt Magnificent: the onely Riches I had was the Symeter,

the Grand Vizier had given me When I was at *Thoulon* I onely thought how to put my ſelf into a condition to go to *Marcilles*, where I found a Merchant that accommodated me with Money, Clothes and Horſes for my ſelf and my Valet; after I had made ſome little ſtay there, I took my way towards this place, where, ſince the report of my death was ſpread abroad, I do not doubt but my return has been the occaſion of much ſurpriſe.

Mezelon having ended his recital, ſome time was paſt in asking him a number of queſtions, to which he always anſwer'd with a great deal of Wit, and it furniſh'd us with Subject for Converſation, for we did not ſoon paſs over what concern'd *Auguſta*.

In fine, Madam, *Bernard* came back to me, he went ſtrait to *Tunin*, but not Meeting there with the

the Marqueſs *de* Saint * * * he reſolved to go to *Paris*, although he had no order for it; but the affection he had for me gave him ſome Authority, People of his ſort doe not uſe to take; he told me my Husband was gone from thence, and no body knew which way; he afterwards let me know, that the Preſident was dead, and his Wife retired into a Covent, and that the Prince lived peaceably with his; that the Marqueſs *de* Saint † † † was extremely ſick, and that the Duke appeared very indifferent in what he told him concerning my Adventures.

I was ſo at leaſt aſmuch as he, for every thing that *Bernard* told me; they neither inſtructed me in what was paſſed, nor in what I had to doe; but the Arrival of the good *Hermite* gave a little diſturbance to my pleaſures: he excuſed himſelf that I had not heard from

him, by reaſon of a Journey he was obliged to make to the Chartreuſes at *Grenoble*, and told me that at his return, he had heard that *Spichetti* was ready to dye with grief when he knew I was eſcaped; that after his recovery from his feaver, he had writ to my Husband that he would deliver me into his Hands, if he would come to *Avignon*; that my Husband was arrived with all diligence, and that both took what care they could to diſcover where I was; that the Gardiner being ſuſpected to contribute to my flight, had been very ill uſed, and confeſſed what he knew; and I believe, added the *Hermite*, that by careſull ſearch, it is not impoſſible but you may be here diſcovered.

I was willing he ſhould ſpeak before Madam *de Mezelon* and her Children, who told me in the beſt manner of the world, that I ought not

not to apprehend they would ſuffer any Violence to be ſhewn to me.

Mernard could not approve the informing ſo many of my affairs, and the chagrin he had at it, made me endure more than one ridiculous reaſoning with him; he perceived alſo, there was a great intelligence between *Mezelon* and me, and therefore ſaw nothing could bring a remedy to it but diſtance: 'twas for this reaſon he adviſed me to goe from *Mezelon*, but it muſt be an Argument ſtronger than his advice to drag me from him, not but that I knew, if my Husband ſhould diſcover me there, it might occaſion great Misfortunes, but I could not reſolve to leave a place where I loved and knew I was beloved, the *Hermite* entertained me, and we were reaſoning one day about what he thought fit for me to doe, when Madam *de Mezelon*

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and her Son were advertized, that ſome unknown Cavaleers deſired to ſpeak with 'em. *Feliza's* Chamber lookt upon the Draw-bridge, and from thence I ſaw 'twas my Husband at the gate, conducted thither by the *Italian*.

I ſhall not tell you, Madam, what words he made uſe of to perſwade Madam *de Mezelon*, ſhe ought to deliver me into his Power, or what menaces he employed to frighten her, and oblige her to doe what he deſired; this Lady ſuſtained all with an equal firmneſs, and neither ſuffering her ſelf to be overcome, nor frightened by what ſhe ſaid, ſhe remained, reſolved to guard me, till the anger he diſcovered at me, had giv'n place to reaſon. My Huſband having no occaſion to complain at theſe proceedings, would make her a Mediatrix in our differences, and ſubmit 'em to her Judgment, w.ch ſhe would not accept till I had given my conſent. You may imagine, Madam, my concerns were

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into good Hands to refuſe the confiding of 'em to her; 'twas agreed at this interview, my Husband ſhould retire, that it might appear this was a Voluntary Accommodation; that he ſhould return a few days after, and have a conference with me, at which Madam *de Mezelon* was to be preſent. That in the mean time *Monſieur de Mezelon* ſhould promiſe my Husband, that I ſhould not leave his Houſe, till the concluſion or rupture of this Accommodation. The good Hermite who was yet here, would not depart before he knew how this affair would end. He was not a little neceſſary in winning and diſpoſing my Husband to peace; but whether out of inſtinct or particular knowledge, he deſired him when he took his leave to manage better his confidence of People, and that it was not to be impos'd on all.

The *Italian* had an inconceivable vexation at the diſpoſition he ſaw to our reunion, and to hinder my

my Husband from having greater, he would have obliged him not to return to *Mezelon's*, but whatever he could ſay or whatſoever reaſons he employ'd, my Husband came the day that was aſſign'd.

I aſſure you, Madam, what concern ſoever I had for *Mezelon*, I was nevertheleſs very ſenſible of the abatement I obſerv'd in my Husband. He found me in a Female habit, and I was ſo modeſtly adjuſted, that he had reaſon to be pleas'd at it. The Teſtimony Madam *de Mezelon* gave of my good Conduct, appeas'd his mind extreamly, and I had more reaſon to pity than fear his Reſentment. I therefore began to juſtifie my ſelf upon all that had been told him concerning me. I gently followed the things I had been accus'd of: but that which ſurpriz'd him moſt was when I demanded Juſtice for his counterfeited Aſſaſſination. I confeſt

confeſt to him ingeniouſly, that I had heard with too much eaſineſs the Gallantry of the Prince, the Preſident, and the Duke; but when I had told him after what manner the Preſident's Lady had engag'd me in this commerce, and every thing as it really was, he repented to have left me to the mercy of the falſe vertue of a Woman, and expos'd me to the love of the Husband. He aſcribed all the faults of my Youth to the over ſevere regulation he had preſcribed me, and upon the obſtinacy he had to make me viſit continually the Preſident's Lady.

I forgot to tell you, Madam, that *Spichetti* could not ſuffer the Eclairciſment he well foreſaw I ſhould give my Husband about his perſecutions. And the perfidious had yet ſtronger reaſons to oblige him not to Accompany him to *Mezelon's*: But when to end my juſtification,

tification, I diſcover'd to him the proceedings of the *Italian* and made his impudence to me, he atteſted, both by the Hermite, who had heard of his importments, and by my Servants, who had been Witneſſes of his Violence, he appear'd extreamly troubled, and I had but little to ſay to obtain that he ſhould forget my faults.

This entertainment, which was onely deſigned the prelude to our Reconcilement, had almoſt entirely effected it. And I repented me in earneſt of all my imprudencies, and was diſpoſing my ſelf to paſs my days with my Husband after ſuch a manner as ſhould blot out the ill impreſſion was received of me, when he fell into a weakneſs was attributed to his ſenſibleneſs of our interview. The ſentiments of it was changed when after he was a little recovered; he fell into unconceivable torment. There

Accidents.

Accidents returned ſo often that at laſt he died, when he had ſuffered for two days all that could be endured.

He made a will, wherein he juſtified me in every thing he had accuſed me, ſhe gave me alſo all that the Law permitted him to diſpoſe of, upon condition I ſhould marry *Mezelon*. He had heard how faithfully *Bernard* and my Chamber Maid had ſerv'd me, and took care to recompence 'em for it.

The more they examined into his Sickneſs, the more reaſon there was to believe he was Poyſon'd; and he ſaid ſomething of it to him who was called to receive his laſt Breath. He was opened and there was ſeen the viſible effects of the Poyſon that the Traytour *Spichetti* had given him. I ſent to *Avignon* to have him taken, but Heaven had not ſo long defer'd his puniſhment. He that I ſent for that purpoſe, brought

brought me word back, that the reputation he had of being and poſſeſſing many Jewels, had tempted a Servant of his to kill him and run away with the Plunder.

I cried ſincerely for the death of my Husband, but time, and the Conſolations I received on all ſides calmed my affliction at laſt. I would not marry nevertheleſs till his will was executed, and whatſoever *Mezelon* could do would not prevail with me to marry him till after I had been a Widow for a whole year. 'Twas accompliſh't with the great joy of his Mother and Siſter. Since that time I have had no care but to pleaſe my Husband, and thereby to eſtabliſh me a life as pleaſant as Innocent. I have ſome buſineſs which I am come to regulate, and when it is ended I will return to him with hopes never to be more ſeperated from him.

Madam

Madam *de Mezelon* having ended her recital, the Counteſs *de Marignan* appear'd extreamly ſatisfied at it. She admired the ſeveral accidents, and the night approaching, ſhe took leave of her Friend, promiſing to meet at the ſame place the next day, and to diſcover to her the adventures ſhe was concern'd in.

F I N I S.

THE GALLANTS, OR Reciprocal Confidents. A NOVEL.

PART II.

LONDON,
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MDCLXXXV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE
Reciprocal Confidents.

The Second Part.

THE Counteſs of *Marignan*, and Madam *de Mezelon*, met the next Day in the *Tuilleries* according to their engagements; and after half an hours walking, during which time they entertain'd themſelves in general upon the Changes that are commonly occaſion'd by Marriage, they retir'd into a private Walk, and ſitting down, the Counteſs acquitted her ſelf of her promiſe, and made this relation of her Adventures.

The Countess de Marignan's *Relation.*

I Will say nothing to you, Madam, of the first Years of my Life; we pass'd 'em together, and you remember, without doubt, how unwillingly I marryed the Marquess *de Mondanar*; but as you went into the Country, some Days before that fatal engagement, I must begin my recital with some things that preceded it, to give you the greater light into those that follow'd.

As soon as the Articles of our Marriage were sign'd, the Marquess *de Mondanar*'s Relations came to Visit me, and amongst the rest he presented to me the Count *de Blessinac* as his greatest Friend, and desired me to look upon him as such. What imprudence has such a Man as *Mondanar* committed, in engaging

ing his Miſtreſs to have an eſteem for *Bleſinac.*

The firſt, as you know, Madam, was more than threeſcore; and you may remember that the infirmities he had, render'd him decayed for his Age. His way of Dreſſing did not repair the defects of his Perſon; and, to keep no ſecret from you, I muſt confeſs to you, his Humour, and Wit, were yet more diſagreeable. He was Covetous, Severe, Contradictory, and the knowledge he had of Pleaſure only ſerv'd him to fly the enjoyment of it, and defer'd it from thoſe over whom he had any power. In fine, my deſtiny compell'd me to marry this Man, for whom I had almoſt an invincible averſion.

Our Relations, you know, do not reaſon after our manner, when our eſtabliſhment is in queſtion. The Quality and great Riches of the Marqueſs was the Cauſe they did not

conſult me in what was ſo contrary to my inclination; they aſſur'd me a conſiderable Quality and Joynture, and that was all they deſired.

Though the Marqueſs was attack'd by his continual pains, he would not long defer our Marriage, at Night it was celebrated. My old Huſband return'd home, and I to my Mothers, with a great deal of joy on my ſide, but not without extream ſurpriſe to my Relations, whoſe aſtoniſhment and Chagrin were more augmented the next Day, when he came to deſire my Mother to approve of my going for *Languedoc*. He came into my Chamber, and explain'd himſelf to me after the ſame manner.

Well, Madam, ſaid he, are you not reſolv'd to accompany me to Morrow to *Provence?* That word of to Morrow frighted me, and it was impoſſible for me to hinder the alteration that appear'd in my

my face. What makes you bluſh, continued he? Do you think I'll ſpend my Eſtate at *Paris*? No, Madam, I'm ſick and not pleas'd with the place; I once more tell you, Make ready to go with me. I told him with a melancholy air, that I was ready to do what he pleas'd. After this he chuck'd me under the Chin, kiſs'd my Forehead, and went to take order for his departure.

I ſaw him no more that Day. This proceeding made my Mother judge I ſhould not be very happy; the good Lady repented for having a greater conſideration for the Riches than the Perſon, and ſhe deſired the Count *de Bleſinac* not to forget to endeavour what he could for my conſolation. You may gueſs in what a condition I left *Paris*.

Bleſinac went with us, and I perceiv'd, when he ſuffered himſelf to be engag'd in this Journey by my Husband, he renounc'd all other

pleaſures for that of accompanying me. When we were a little way out of Town, the Marqueſs made the Coach ſtop upon a Hill, from whence it might be wholly diſcovered, and then ſaid in a cruel voice, Look well upon *Paris*, Madam, for 'tis the laſt time you ſhall ſee it whilſt I live. I know too well the conſequences of ſo dangerous an abode, ever to permit it you, and I muſt tell you that a young Woman ought to think of it no otherwiſe than the moſt terrible burying place of her Vertue.

I made no anſwer to this diſcourſe, but contented my ſelf with thinking what my ſenſe furniſh'd me with on that occaſion. You ſay nothing, replyed my Husband, do you pretend to return? As I am not quite gone from it yet, ſaid I, it is not time to think of returning. I adviſe you not, replyed the Marqueſs, for it will be to no purpoſe.

The

The Coach driving forward, he began to conſider what the journey would coſt him, and from that calculation he ſoon paſs'd to regret the charge. During theſe impertinent Diſcourſes, the Count was in great conſtraint, and durſt not look upon me; but I often created an occaſion to go out of the Coach, ſometimes with pretence to eaſe the Horſes, ſometimes for fear of over turning, but 'twas always to eſcape the fatigueing converſation of my Huſband.

I remember one Day that being alighted, I walk'd, and the Count gave me his hand. I was troubled at the ill humour of his relation, and this thought joyn'd to the little inclination I had to merriment, kept me in a deep thoughtfulneſs.

The Count could not hinder himſelf from demanding of me the reaſon. 'Tis ſo little a time, ſaid I, ſince I left the Perſons who were moſt dear

to me; and, all that I foreſee fills my mind with ſuch ſad *Ideas*, that 'tis impoſſible I ſhould think without melancholy upon what I have loſt, or upon that which my Duty obliges me to follow. I confeſs, Madam, ſaid *Bleſinac*, *Monſieur de Mondanar* does not know his happineſs, and makes an ill uſe of what would be a bleſſing to the moſt deſerving Man in the World. I do not agree with you, anſwered I, that it is altogether as you ſay, but I am perſwaded, if I do not occaſion his felicity, he will be the cauſe of my ill fortune. I never deſired, continued I, a life loaded with continual Pleaſures, but I have been always very apprehenſive of misfortunes, and all that I ſhould have ask'd of Heaven would have been to paſs my Days in a tranquillity, that I well ſee I muſt not now pretend to.

I agree, Madam, ſays *Bleſinac*, that an undiſturb'd Life is agreeable; but it

it may ſometimes be moleſted by ſentiments that may be the occaſion of as great a degree of Pleaſure. If I had once acquired it, replyed I, I could know no recompence for the loſs of it; and I would not for any thing, anſwered *Bleſinac*, have preſerv'd that in which I liv'd in till the time I had the honour to ſee you. Do not accuſe me, ſaid I, of doing you ſo great a miſchief, for I fear, 'twould be never in my power to repair it, and I have no deſign to do you any; but by this Diſcourſe I find you ſeek a pretence to avoid the care of giving me conſolation, and forget what my Mother deſir'd you. I do not forget it, Madam, but what comfort can you expect from an unhappy Man who ſuffers your puniſhments and his own, and has himſelf occaſion for what you demand of him. I had form'd to my ſelf a terrible *Idea* of a declaration of love, but I found

found nothing in this but what was reſpectful and decent, I thought my ſelf not obliged to be angry at it. We happily arriv'd where the Coach ſtay'd for us, for I knew not well what anſwer I ſhould make to *Bleſinac.*

An accident happened the next Day that more augmented the averſion I had for the Marqueſs, and gave me a better knowledge of the Counts Inclinations for me; we were over-turn'd, and I receiv'd a conſiderable hurt in my Head. I was vex'd to hear my Husband, who took no notice of the pain I endur'd, vent his affliction for the breaking of his Coach. He had little care of me, but I receiv'd very many from the Count *de Bleſinac.* Although I was wounded, we were to leave *Châteauroux* as ſoon as the equipage was mended.

There would be no end, ſhould I tell you all the ſubjects of complaint the

the Marqueſs gave me in this Journey. *Bleſinac* repair'd all I receiv'd, by ſigns of his Paſſion. We arriv'd at laſt at *Mondanar*, where our reception was very doleful. The Count paſs'd a fortnight there, whilſt I often ſaid to my ſelf that I might ſurely have an innocent Paſſion for him, and that it was the only remedy I had to allay my misfortunes. What would you have, Madam? the Heart never wants reaſons to abandon it ſelf to a deſire that flatters it.

I inſenſibly accuſtom'd my ſelf to hear the aſſurances the Count gave me of his tenderneſs and fidelity, and I permitted him to believe that I was not inſenſible of his merit and affection. Well, Madam, ſaid he ſometimes, are you ſtill for tranquillity? and do not you perceive at all that agreeable trouble which Love raiſes in the Breaſt? I know ſo little what it is (anſwered I to him

him one Day when he discours'd in that kind to me) that I cannot well unravel what I feel, but I believe in the humour I am, I shall suffer all it will bring upon me. I begin to be afraid of absence, and lest it be followed by forgetfulness. I fear lest you should grow Inconstant, Perfidious, Unfaithful. Judge, pursued I, if these thoughts will suffer my mind to be in a perfect repose. *Blesinac* took great care to satisfie me in all my doubts, and I very well found he was also not a little in fear of absence. He sung agreeably enough, and I had no very ill Voice, so that we sung sometimes together; but when my Husband heard us, he told me in the rudest manner you can imagine, that the Affairs of the House were not performed by singing. In fine, he was troubled to hear me, and forbid me that diversion, as if it had been a Crime; and he likewise made his Relations know,

know, he ſhould not be ſorry at his departure. The Count was obliged to go on the Morrow, and I remained at *Mondanar*. All the miſchiefs I endur'd were nothing in compariſon to what I ſuffer'd by the ill humour of my Husband, and the parting from *Bleſinac*. I had yet the liberty to imploy my thoughts all the Day long on a Perſon whoſe remembrance alone was ſufficient to ſweeten all my pains, but I was not ſo happy to preſerve it long. My Husband had a Siſter who dy'd, and left an only Daughter to his Guardianſhip; before he brought her near me, he took great care to forbid her ingaging in my concerns; and I can aſſure you, ſhe was ever far from it. She had the ſame mind, and the ſame ways with her Uncle, but more emportment. She was outwardly very diſagreeable, the ſight of her diſpleas'd me, and 'twas a puniſhment for me to look upon her.

The

The Death of my Sister-in-Law was a pretence for *Blesinac* to come to the Marquess's; but although *Crisante* (for so my Niece was call'd) was of a rude and savage disposition, she took care I perceived to appear more humane towards the Count; one would have thought she had never seen any other Body, she discovered so much earnestness to look upon him. I cannot better describe the motion of her Eyes. She knew not the World, and therefore you must not wonder if she was ignorant of the manner of it. I would have given her some advice, which she refus'd with great disdain.

I know not how *Blesinac* happen'd to tell her one Day that she had fine Teeth, she believ'd it; and since never any one has told her so much, she imagin'd she found her very aimable. This ridiculous opinion join'd to her rusty behaviour, made

made her a pleaſant Character; but I was not of the humour to make ſport at it; and the diſagreements ſhe had in other things, made her inſupportable to me.

Criſante was rich, both in her own fortune, and the hopes ſhe had to inherit my Husband's, which made the Count *de Bleſinac*'s Father demand her in Marriage for his Son. The Marqueſs eaſily conſented to this deſire, and, to ſpeak ſincerely to you, I was not very much troubled at the choice was made for *Criſante*, becauſe ſhe was as I would wiſh, not to be in danger of robbing me of the Counts Affection. And 'twas with difficulty I perſwaded him to it, he reproach'd me that I did not love him ſince I would have him Marry; but as the eſtabliſhment was conſiderable for him, ſo he at laſt overcame his diſguſt to it, and declar'd himſelf *Criſante*'s Lover. When he ſaid

any

any obliging things to her, 'twas with a conſtraint, 'tis true, that was very viſible.

In the mean time, out of an odd humour which ſurpris'd us all, my Husband refus'd to conclude the Marriage. *Bleſinac*'s Father preſt him either to break off, or conclude, becauſe there was another Party propos'd, that would not be of leſs Advantage to the Count than the Marqueſs's Niece.

I had alſo my reaſons to deſire that *Bleſinac* ſhould Marry *Criſante*, but all our Wiſhes were without Effect. The Marqueſs follow'd his own, which were contrary to ours; and when one of the Counts Relations came to ſpeak to him about the Articles, which it was time to ſeal, he would do nothing in it, he ſaid, and that his mind was alter'd.

This refuſal gave me many Chagrins, and you may imagine it gave not fewer to the Count; he extreamly

treamly complained of it, and the quarrel was ſo great between him and my Husband, as to reſolve never to ſee one the other again. I made no ſhew, though I was concern'd at it, but left all to *Criſante*'s violent humour, which forgot not any thing I could ſay, had it been lawful for me to have explain'd my ſelf. *Bleſinac* thought I was not very much engag'd for his Intereſt, and I might have ſpoke more in his Favour. I made him ſee the Injuſtice of his Complaints, by telling him, that a greater Zeal for his Concerns would have render'd me ſuſpected by my Husband, and that the leaſt ſuſpicion would have deſtroy'd our Commerce. He approved my Reaſons, and we parted well enough contented.

I apprehended nevertheleſs that there was ſome myſtery between *Criſante* and the Count. I could not diſcover it, and the things remain'd

main'd for ſome time in this condition.

Bleſinac's Relations reported abroad that he was to be Married to a Gentlewoman their Neighbour, who was both Rich and Beautiful. This News gave me no alarms. I believed it falſe, becauſe I was perſwaded he would make no reſolutions without my conſent, but he had nevertheleſs deſign'd an enterpriſe that I was far from ſuſpecting.

My Husband was incomoded with his Pains. I had watch'd with him late, and I wondered that my Niece was retir'd before me, not imagining any deſign in it, for ſhe knew not her Duty enough to follow it; I thought only that the Chagrin ſhe had at the breaking off her Marriage was the reaſon ſhe wanted complaiſance, and might make her heedleſs, and I went to Bed without making other reflections.

The Day began to break, and I was

was very fast asleep when they came to wake me and tell me the Castle was a Fire, without knowing who was the occasion of it: They told me also that the Bridge was found down, and the Gates open. I immediately sent into *Crisante*'s Chamber; 'twas to no purpose to look for her, she was escap'd. I must confess to you, Madam, that notwithstanding the fright I had from the Fire, I grew very angry at *Blesinac* that he had told me nothing of his Designs, for I did not doubt but he was concern'd in *Crisante*'s flight, and that it was he who had stole her away. I soon got up, and went to discover it to my Husband, who had all the resentment at it imaginable. He drove it so far, that *Blesinac* was condemn'd to lose his Head; for the Parliament of *Tholouse* is very severe in faults of this nature, and it was not hard for him to bring the Affair to this pass.

I was

I was till now of no eſteem in the Marqueſs's Houſe, it ſeem'd as if this accident had open'd his Eyes, to ſee the Injuſtice he had done me, and make him repent to have lived with me after that manner. It might be perhaps to revenge himſelf of the diſobedience of his Niece, and the little conſideration *Bleſinac* had for him; that he began to uſe me much better. I receiv'd from him many proofs of his kindneſs; and if I had not had in my Heart thoſe Sentiments for *Bleſinac*, I ſhould have been, I believe, very Happy. Alas! 'twas impoſſible for me to be ſo, ſince, angry as I was, that the Count had hid his Deſign from me, I nevertheleſs lov'd him more than ever, when it was not in my power to overcome the ſadneſs that depreſt me, notwithſtanding all the care that the Marqueſs took to divert me. He liv'd with me after a manner, had reaſon to give me

me all content; but I obſerv'd that his Grief encreas'd, and his Health continually diminiſh'd. I imagin'd his Death would be the occaſion of Troubles; I was in fear of it, and took great care to preſerve it; he fell at laſt very Sick, and dyed after he had given me all, to hinder the Diſputes might ariſe from thoſe who were to inherit, and to deprive his Niece of it, who was run away.

I receiv'd no Civilities from *Bleſinac* upon his Death; on the contrary, his Father declar'd againſt me, and ingaging in his Affairs without communicating any thing to me, he follow'd all the indirect ways that might be a hinderance to mine. It ſerv'd nevertheleſs to advance them. You may think perhaps, Madam, that the condition of being a rich Widow had made me extreamly diſpos'd to Joy? You muſt not imagine it, 'twas only a trouble to my mind, and I never found my ſelf ſo melancholy. The

The advantages my Husband had made me, gave me a true Grief for the loſs of him. I was on the other ſide perſwaded that *Bleſinac* no longer lov'd me. His proceedings left me no reaſon to doubt of it; and although I had been ſatisfied with him, I could no longer pretend to him becauſe he was Marryed; Theſe thoughts gave me not the liberty to taſte the Pleaſures of a free Condition. Every thing that I ſaw at *Mondanar*, entertain'd my melancholy, which made me take a reſolution to return to *Paris*, where I receiv'd no more ſatisfaction than in *Languedoc*. I carried my affliction with me, and though I thought I had done a great deal toward my quiet by flying far from *Bleſinac*, I found no repoſe where I ſought it. But, Madam, a Heart truly concern'd does not ſo ſoon reſolve to be indifferent. We Hate and Love very often by turns, before we can arrive

arrive at that happy inſenſibility. The Reputation I had of being rich, and of never wandring from a regular conduct whilſt my Husband lived, made me be courted by many of great Quality. I accepted of none of the Propoſitions were made me, and led to a retired life, that 'twas thought I ſhould not eaſily be perſwaded to change it. I ſaw ſometimes the Marchioneſs *de Montaigre*, becauſe ſhe had the ſame opinion of the World as I, and ſhe ſaw no body, (her Brother the *Chevalier de Marignan* excepted.) What was moſt extraordinary in it, was, That we often paſs'd whole hours without ſaying any thing: She lov'd to read, and I had a great deal of pleaſure to hear her; and 'tis certain, what was our divertiſement, would have been very tireſome to thoſe they call the Ladies of the World. Neither did her Brother viſit her often, becauſe he lov'd merriment, and 'twas not

to be found with us: But at laſt, he inſenſibly accuſtomed himſelf to our manner of living. He told me, that I was the moſt proper to reclaim people from the idle follies of the World, and that I had inſpired him with thoughts he had been hitherto free from.

I had ſo little inclination to believe him, that I propos'd to the Marchioneſs of *Montaigre* to marry him to a rich woman that was my Relation. He gave no ear to his Siſter, but perſiſted always to give me ſigns of his eſteem. I was perſwaded that I hated *Bleſinac*, and that I ſhould vex him extremely if I marry'd. For this reaſon it was, that I ſhew'd ſome complaiſance for *Marignan*; but fearing leſt there ſhould be more of intereſt than love in his proteſtations, I was reſolved to be ſatisfied.

I caus'd a counterfeit Letter to be writ to me, as if it came from *Languedoc*,

guedoc; wherein I was advertiſed, That ſome of my Husband's Relations had a deſign to exclude me, from the advantages he gave me when he dy'd, by ſome Deeds that gave 'em Title to inherit. This diminiſh'd nothing from the obliging Sentiments the *Chevalier de Marignan* had for me; and that which fully perſwaded me that he truly lov'd me for my own ſake, was, that his Elder Brother being kill'd at the Army, he became Heir, and then preſs'd me more than ever to give my conſent to his paſſion. He diſcours'd with my Relations about it; and whatſoever his own could do, to turn him from that Deſign, he marry'd me, and had a Quarrel with the Marchioneſs *de Montaigre* who was not more willingly diſpos'd to it than the others.

I thought I had lov'd him, Madam, and I had many reaſons for it: But I was no ſooner marry'd than I

made a ſcruple of it. What! ſaid I to my ſelf, ought *Bleſinac*'s fault to inſpire me with other Sentiments, than thoſe that are the occaſion of grief? A heart may be concern'd once in its life; but it is an inexcuſable weakneſs to ſuffer it to be guilty of a ſecond Engagement: What have I done! Ought I to pardon my ſelf for thinking I could be happy with any but *Bleſinac*? In vain I endeavoured to live contentedly; nothing could free my mind from theſe ſad thoughts.

I was not born for quiet, Madam; and if it were your deſtiny to be belov'd, it has always been mine to diſcover in my ſelf a continual ſource of trouble and inquietude. What care ſoever I took to hide it, the Count *de Marignan* perceiv'd it. He ſaid nothing to me of it, and ſought rather to remedy than diſcover my grief. He gave me all the divertiſements he thought capable

to

to diſſipate my melancholy : But I had made a cuſtom of it, to which he was forc'd to yield. He ſaw that I was always melancholy, and I had thereby leſs pains to perſwade him 'twas the effect of my temper. The greateſt affliction was, that I heard the Counteſs *de Bleſinac* was dead. I was told, She was very little regretted by her Husband, and that he had not ſhewn ſuch indifference to my Marriage as I imagin'd. The Reflections I made upon this death encreas'd my melancholy ; but not to draw more Queſtions from my Husband in a Subject, I ſhould have been ſorry to enlighten him, I often walk'd alone, finding it a pleaſure to fly the Converſation of the World. Not long after this, one of my Relations, who had a very fine houſe near *Paris*, deſir'd me to go and paſs two or three days there, aſſuring me, I ſhould have the liberty to think as much as I pleas'd. I

told my Husband of it, who gave me leave to go this Journey, whilſt he took this time to hunt with the Marqueſs *de Marcilly*.

I went to this houſe in my Relations Coach, and I took with me a Gentlewoman and a Foot-man only. When I was arriv'd, my Relation left me, and return'd as ſoon. Shall we go, ſays ſhe, into a Summer-houſe in the Garden, whence there is a fine Proſpect? Let us go, ſaid I; but upon condition you give me the liberty to Think there ſome time. My Relation ſmil'd; and told me, as ſhe brought me to the Garden, She imagin'd thoughtfulneſs would pleaſe me leſs than I mention'd. We were ſoon at the Summer-houſe, and ſhe open'd the Door. I enter'd firſt, thinking to find no Body, and was ſurpriz'd to ſee *Bleſinac*, in a Habit very agreeable to the dejected Air of his Face. I lookt upon my Relation, to reproach her with the

the trick ſhe had play'd me, and was retiring, the engagement, under which I was, not permitting me to expoſe my ſelf to ſuch a dangerous Converſation: But they both ſtopt me; and I could not exempt my ſelf from ſeeing and hearing *Bleſinac*, in whom I diſcovered the marks of a profound Sadneſs. I muſt confeſs, Madam, I grew pale at the ſight of him, and it put me into ſo great a perplexity, that it is impoſſible for me to give you an account of my thoughts, or of thoſe things which he at that inſtant ſaid to me. I only know, that he threw himſelf at my feet, and that his eyes ſaid more than his mouth. As I was fearful in this occaſion of nothing ſo much as my ſelf, I turn'd from him as much as I could, to ſhun the force of his eyes. Ah! Madam, ſaid he, what have you more to do to me? and why have you reſolv'd my revenge before you were certain of my guilt?

'Tis to no purpoſe, anſwered I, to know whether you're innocent, or no; but 'twas a crime for me to ſee you; and though you ſhould remain whole days the object of my eyes, and I ſhould be fully convinc'd you gave me not the leaſt occaſion of complaint, you would be but little the happier for it. Suffer me, therefore, to believe that you have offended me; and think for your part what outrages I have committed againſt you, and let us not expoſe our ſelves to a reconcilement that muſt be attended by a train of Conſequences fatal to our repoſe. Well, Madam! reply'd he, ſince you deſire it, I will never ſee you more; but if this muſt be the laſt minute, ſuffer me at leaſt to make an explication to you of my actions, that I may not leave you longer in an errour, my honour obliges me to undeceive.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Bleſinac* ſpoke to me, I perceived my feeble Heart was taking his part againſt me; and my Relation on her ſide told me I might hearken to him without a Crime. Pardon me, Madam, continued he, if I begin my juſtification by reproaching you. You accuſe me of Inconſtancy; tell me, Madam, what convincing Argument of your Affection did you ever give me? You made me ſo much your Friend, to confide in me the ſecret of your Misfortunes. You ſuffered me ſometimes to vent my Paſſion for you, and you did not forbid me to believe that you had a little tenderneſs for me; but Words were my only happineſs, Words of too ſlight a force to hinder thoſe thoughts of my eſtabliſhment, to which (unkindly) you your ſelf engaged me. Since this time, Madam, I have been, as well as you, deceived by appearances, and I pretend to convince

you that I have had a thouſand Reaſons to complain of your proceedings.

I made no anſwer to *Bleſinac*, becauſe I began privately to accuſe my ſelf, and impute to me all the errours in his Conduct. I nevertheleſs told him the condition of our Affairs, and he was equally indifferent whether we ſhould be angry or have compaſſion one for the other.

There is no Puniſhment ſo cruel as the reconciling Duty and Inclination. They have each their tyrannical Rights, one impoſes by Authority, but the other draws by Force. I knew well what I owed to my Husband, but I knew better what power a long habitude of Loving exercis'd over a ſenſible Soul. I marryed the Count *de Marignan* to be reveng'd of *Bleſinac*, and in hopes his Merit and Friendſhip would baniſh from my Heart a Tenderneſs I thought ſo ill acknowledg'd.

Bleſinac

Bleſinac had not forgot that Honour engag'd him in his Juſtification, and that it could not be effected without diſcovering all that happen'd to him. I had likewiſe a great deſire to hear it; and I no ſooner gave him leave to make a Relation of them, but he began in theſe Words.

You know, Madam, how my Father commanded me to court *Criſante*, and you are not ignorant of thoſe things that preceded Monſieur *de Mondanar*'s refuſal. A Principle of Honour made me conceive that when I had once declar'd my ſelf, I was oblig'd to purſue my pretenſions. All of our Family encouraged me to it, and I was even engag'd to it by *Criſante*, who had an ill opinion of the conſideration I had for her Uncle. I was told by her alſo, that ſhe perceiv'd you was not for my Intereſt, and would never conſent that I ſhould carry her

her away. And methoughts on the other ſide you had acted but very indifferently for the effecting my Deſigns with your Husband; the knowledge I had, compared with her opinion, made me reſolve to diſcover nothing of it to you; and add to this, that the ſtealing of her away being the thing in hand, you would not be angry I imagin'd to ignore it; and ſince you was once ſo earneſt for our Marriage, I could not perſwade my ſelf your ſentiments about it ſhould be ſo ſoon alter'd. Theſe are the Reaſons, Madam, I had not to confide this ſecret to you. I had every Day Intelligence from *Criſante* by ſo many ways that it will be tireſome to tell; neither is the remembrance of it ſo agreeable to make me deſire it. She found an opportunity to ſteal the Key of the Draw-Bridge, and take the Impreſſion of it on Wax, which ſhe ſent to me; I caus'd one

to

to be made, which I gave her, and we agreed that on a certain Day I ſhould be at the end of the avenue to the Caſtle. She undertook the care to get forth, and 'twas my buſineſs to expect her.

I do not queſtion, Madam, but you were very much ſurpris'd when you were told the Caſtle was a Fire. This is the Reaſon obliged her to it. You had watch'd very late, and the Day breaking when you went to Bed, if by chance the Bridge ſhould be ſeen down, and it was ſuſpected that ſhe was gone out, ſhe thought you would ſend after us, unleſs you had ſome more preſſing engagement. Therefore, without having any further concern for what might happen, ſhe follow'd her own inſtinct; and when ſhe and her Maid came to me, they both told me (almoſt breaking their Hearts with laughing) that they had burnt the Quarters. I found

found but too much easiness to execute this Melancholy Design; we took our way towards *Roüergue*, where I was assured of the Baron *de Goustignac's* House, whose Wife is my Aunt. They receiv'd us very well, but I knew afterwards I was mistaken, when I thought to find there a perfect Sanctuary.

The Baron had a Son just return'd from *Paris*, who was a Musqueteer in the first Company. He had a very gay and brisk Air, and this his Father call'd the way of the Court. The Musqueteer fancyed, that *Crisante* being Rich, her Fortune would not at all incommode him; and if he could but arrive to please her, there was no reason the scruple of deceiving a Relation should be an obstacle to his Designs. After I had pass'd some Days at *Goustignac*, I desired my Aunt to take what measures she thought necessary to Marry us at her House; but her Husband

Husband finding always some difficulty in it, she told me at last with Tears in her Eyes, that I could expect nothing from his assistance; that she found her Husband and Son had great Designs upon *Crisante*, and therefore advis'd me to retire before they had time to execute their resolutions. I made use of this Counsel, and that Evening (after we had supp'd, and the Baron and Musqueteer were retir'd to rest) we parted from *Goustignac*. My only Design being to leave that House, we follow'd no certain way; but after we had walk'd all Night, my *Valet de Chambre* discovered we were not far off from a Forest, wherein there was a Glass-House, and that he was acquainted with the Master, and several Gentlemen who belong'd to it. He told us we might pass there some Days very conveniently, till we had determin'd which way to retire. I propos'd it to *Crisante*, but

she

ſhe always took Pleaſure in being of an oppoſite Opinion to the reſt; and if at laſt ſhe yielded, 'twas not till ſhe had given us the trouble of making long and tedious Diſputes. We were but two Leagues from the Mountains of *Roüergue* when we were ſet upon by twelve Thieves. I at firſt thought we had been diſcovered, and that they were ſent after us by Monſieur *de Gouſtignac*, but they had only a Deſign upon our Money, as we found by their firſt Complements. They robb'd us without Quarter, that is, they took away all our Cloaths, and left us ſcarce any thing to cover us. I had now no occaſion of Eloquence to perſwade *Criſante* to go to the Glaſs-Houſe; but 'twas now a queſtion how to get thither, and to make our ſelves be received, which appear'd very doubtful, in the Equipage we were left.

The

The Perſon of *Criſante* ſpoke little in her favour, and I had not ſo good an opinion of my own as to hope from it any better effect; but *Ruſat* (thus my *Valet* was call'd) undertook for the event, and we began a long walk for People not accuſtomed to go a-foot. We often in the Foreſt met with little Habitations, where we receiv'd ſome ſlight repaſts compos'd of Bread and Water, which nevertheleſs we reliſh'd very well, and we were very happy to meet at Night with one of theſe Cottages, for *Criſante* was quite tir'd, and 'twas with great puniſhment the next Day ſhe got to the Glaſs-Houſe.

As the diſpoſitions of few People reſemble, ſo we were differently receiv'd by the Gentlemen. Some laught at us, others pityed us, and ſome endeavoured to make diſcoveries into our Adventure, the moſt reaſon-

reaſonable us'd us civilly, judging by our Language, our Manners, and the Cloaths we had left, that we were not unworthy of it. We were offer'd by theſe to lodge in their Cabins (for their Houſes deſerve no better names) *Criſante* ſtaid at the Maſters of the Glaſs-Houſe, whoſe name was *Fergonce*, and I went to lodge at a Gentlemans call'd *Mondany*.

I ſent the next Day *Ruſat* to my Fathers to let him know what had happen'd to us, and to ask him for what aſſiſtance was requiſite to carry us farther if neceſſary, or to bring us back to him if he thought it convenient. I commanded *Ruſat* to enquire alſo after you, and to take care to deliver to you a Letter I privately gave him. I forgot to let you know that he had told *Fergonce* we were People of Quality. We diſcover'd by what misfortune we came to him in

in ſo ill a condition, and he had the goodneſs to accommodate us with Cloaths proper enough for the place we were in.

Criſante urg'd me to marry her; but though I intended to do it, a ſecret ſentiment made me ever find ſome reaſons either true or falſe, to defer our Marriage. She reaſon'd about it with *Fergonce*. He ſpoke to me of it, and made me ſo ſenſible of the obligation I had to give this ſatisfaction to a perſon who had ſhewn ſo much paſſion as to follow me, that we were privately married at night by a Brother of his, who was a Clergy-man. Ah, Madam, if you had ſeen with what Melancholy I paſt that hideous frightful night, and the days that ſoon follow'd it, you would have juſtified me your ſelf. I thought of nothing but you, and the conſideration of Riches, which had inveigled me into Wedlock, appeared to me then

the

the cauſe of all my misfortunes.

Criſante made not ſo ſtrict an examination of my thoughts, ſhe took me as I was, and I had not little to ſuffer from her Careſſes and ill Humour, ſince they were both in extreams. But my repentance was not ſufficient for your revenge; love muſt to perfect it, draw me into more perſecutions. I have told you, methinks, I lodg'd at *Mondany's*, but I have not mentioned a Siſter who liv'd with him. This maid, who was call'd *Diana*, fanſyed I ſhould be her *Endymion*, and made many advances to a Commerce, of which I took no notice, becauſe I was not in a humour for pleaſures of that nature. But ſhe was not diſcouraged at the firſt ſigns of indifference I ſhewed her, ſhe was handſome, and well knew was capable of generating Love in a heart that was not already engaged. She aprehe nded then if I had any engagement

gagement with *Criſante*, it could be only upon the ſcore of intereſt, and it would not be difficult for her to break it. She often told me that I had not a curious judgment, and if I wanted good reaſons to convalidate my choice, 'twould be hard for me to ſave the reputation of my diſcretion.

I would not give her any occaſion of trouble, but in complaiſance, flattered her weakneſs, which afterwards, had like to have coſt me my life. She told her Brother therefore that I lov'd her, and if he would diſcover it to *Criſante*, perhaps he might gain her affections. She was of a humour to refuſe nothing to her Paſſion. *Mondany* was full of what his Siſter told him; they knew I had ſtole away *Criſante*, but they did not ſuſpect we were marryed, ſo that *Mondany* flatter'd himſelf with ſucceſs. He made her many little Preſents of his own Workmanſhip,

and

and often gave her concerts of Hautboys and Flutes; neither was I angry she should be employ'd in these divertisements, that I might have the more leisure to be pensive. She told me one Day with a kind of joy, that *Mondany* had made a discovery to her, that I lov'd his Sister, which was followed by a declaration of his Passion. I advis'd her to turn it into diversion, and be sure not to confess any thing of our Marriage.

Mondany was as handsome as his Sister was fair. He was not ignorant of his value; and looking upon me as the only obstacle to his designs, he had a mind to be rid of me. He desir'd his Sister to endeavour what she could to encrease my passion, that he might have the more time to engage *Crisante*, by whom he said, he was not ill received.

Diana serv'd her Brother according

ing to his desires; and this artificial Maid very dexterously discovered to me, that *Crisante* entertain'd him after a manner favourable enough to perswade she had a design to marry him. Whilst *Diana* did what was possible to make her self be belov'd by me, *Mondany* was taking measures to make me not capable to dispute *Crisante* with him. I saw one Morning a man come into his house, who lookt upon me with such earnestness, as if he had thought to have seen me in another place. I retir'd not to give him the time to recal his memory, and I went to *Fergonce's* to see *Crisante*, who was not very well that day. The fear of discovering our Marriage was the reason we lodg'd not together. I staid with her till the Evening, when there was a great noise heard not far from the Furnace, and a report that *Mondany* was kill'd. I went to know the truth of the accident,

dent, and I saw a man dragg'd violently along, as the Author of the Murder. I knew it was him who lookt so earnestly upon me in the Morning, and I told them who us'd him so roughly, I believ'd he was not guilty, because I took him for *Mondany*'s Friend. *Mondany* was at the same time brought hither. I approach'd to see him; and finding but little life remaining, I follow'd the rest who carry'd him into his house, and employ'd my self, like them, in endeavouring to bring him to himself: But as he recover'd his Senses, he seem'd more disturb'd at the sight of me. I fansi'd my presence afflicted him, and upon this thought I went out.

He that had wounded him, call'd me (seeing me go by) to tell me the truth of the misfortune. I know not, says he, for what motive *Mondany* would take away your life; but he sent for me, I know

know well, from the Mountains with that intent; he ſhew'd me this Morning a place, where in the Evening, he ſaid, you us'd to walk; and there we had made choice of a Tree, from whence I was hired to ſhoot you. He caus'd me to obſerve your Perſon and Cloaths, leſt I ſhould miſtake; and 'tis an hour ſince he told me 'twas time to take my Poſt. He help'd me up into the Tree; and was giving me my Gun, the Muzzle towards him, which by accident he diſcharg'd, and kill'd himſelf. Whilſt this miſerable Man was telling this ſtory to me, *Mondany* did the like, and I no longer wondered why my ſight ſhould be troubleſome to him. He dyed, and his imprudent Siſter finding her ſelf concern'd a little in this misfortune, fled away, no one knowing what was become of her. I was unwilling to have my name nois'd about in this Affair, which

made me expect *Rusat* with great impatience, when at last he arrived.

My first care was for you, Madam; I shew'd no earnestness but to enquire after you, and how you had receiv'd my Letter. He told me that you refus'd to read it, and had tore it in a thousand pieces, never giving him any attention when he spoke about my Affairs, by which he gues's'd you very much dispos'd to pardon me the taking away of *Crisante*; and added, that many things which anger made you utter, gave him reason to believe you had won the good opinion of *Mondanar*, by the hatred only you made appear to me. What shall I say, Madam? I had not the least Chagrin at your anger, I stood more in fear of your indifference.

After *Rusat* had given me an account of your concerns, he told me my Affairs were in an ill condition, that

that there was no hopes of returning to my Father, much dejected by my misfortunes. He sent me a Litter, and every thing that was necessary for a long Journey, the difficulty was in finding a place to retreat to. I had many Friends would have received me, but I had some Reasons not to desire it. I would not trouble my Friends with the ill disposition and humour of Madam *de Blessinac*; she had continual quarrels with *Fergonce*'s Wife and Daughters, I delivered them from it at last, after I had acquitted in part the obligations they had done me, and resolv'd to go towards *Pompidour*.

We had been two Months at this Place, when passing by the Door of a Convent, I saw a crowd of People: curiosity made me enter, and I soon perceived some young Woman intended to take the habit. I went forwards with many others to see with what Courage she would re-

nounce the World, and never was there a ſurpriſe like mine, when I perceiv'd it was *Diana*, that *Diana* whom I have been mentioning to you. Although ſhe was much buſied in acting her part, ſhe caſt her Eyes upon me, and the ſight of me ſtruck her with ſuch concern, that ſhe fell in a ſwound, and the Ceremony was oblig'd to ceaſe, never to be begun again. *Diana* not imagining but I came to *Pompidour* in purſuit of her. Love was not ſo dead in her Heart but my preſence reviv'd it. I was therefore no ſooner return'd to my Lodgings, but a Man deſir'd to ſpeak with me, and gave me a note from *Diana*, which conjur'd me to come and ſee her.

I ſhould have denied it, had not the Meſſenger told me, ſhe was reſolv'd to come in caſe I refus'd her a Viſit. I ask'd him if ſhe had any Relations at *Pompidour*, he told me an Aunt. I went to the Convent where

where *Diana* was, who ſaid very near the ſame things to me ſhe had done at the Glaſs- Houſe, told me her manner of conduct with her Brother, and that it was not ſo much his Death as my indifferency was the occaſion of her turning Nun: but I no ſooner ſaw you, continued ſhe, then I chang'd my intentions, in hopes you had more favourable thoughts for me.

This Diſcourſe was accompany'd with ſo many Tears, that I thought I ſhould have been forc'd to pity her; but the remembrance of her artifices before very much enabled me to reſiſt it. I alſo, Madam, made uſe of your Idea, and theſe conſiderations oblig'd me to tell her, 'twas in vain ſhe gave me theſe kind wiſhes, that being no longer in my own diſpoſal, 'twas impoſſible for me to be hers.

She eaſily underſtood I was mar-

ryed, and diſſembled ſo well the anger ſhe conceived at it, that I thought ſhe began to hearken to Reaſon. I left her, and 'twas ſometime ſince I had heard of her. I knew only that ſhe had forſaken the Convent and lived with her Aunt. But admire, Madam, to what extremities ſhe was brought by her Deſpair; one Evening when ſome Company of the Town were at Cards with Madam *de Bleſinac*, I was told that one deſired to ſpeak with me about an important affair; it was not dark enough to have occaſion for a light, and yet it was ſo obſcure, that I could not at firſt diſcern the Perſon that ſpoke to me; 'twas *Diana* in Mans Apparel. She ſpoke ſome confus'd words to me, whilſt ſhe was preparing for her Deſign. 'Twas in ſuch perplexity that I was perſwaded ſhe was mad; but ſhe ſoon explain'd her meaning, for when my

my Head was turn'd to call for lights, I felt my ſelf ſtabb'd with a Dagger. She intended to do it to purpoſe, but her Hand faltered, and gave me notwithſtanding a conſiderable Wound, ſtriking afterward the Dagger into her own Breaſt. I call'd out, they came to me, and you may well gueſs how every one was aſtoniſhed at this horrid ſpectacle. *Diana* was faln on the ground, and raved like one that had loſt her reaſon. I was unwilling the occaſion of this ſhould be known, I agreed with the Aunt, and it was to paſs for diſtraction. This unhappy Creature would not ſuffer her Wounds to be dreſs'd, ſhe fell into a Feaver and dyed. As it is impoſſible to conceal long, accidents of this nature: ſo I was afraid this might diſcover where I was; and for this reaſon I left *Pompidour* ſooner than I intended. My Wounds were not healed. Madam *de Bleſ-*

nac was almoſt always indiſpos'd, and I was extremely weary of the Life I led, I took therefore a reſolution to return to my Fathers in ſpight of all miſchances. I carryed Madam *de Bleſinac* with me, and I found my Affairs were very much altered ſince theſe three Months that I had heard nothing.

My Father gave us a very cold reception: for the advantages you receiv'd by the Marqueſs *de Mondanar's* Death, having very much diminiſh'd the hopes of my Wifes Fortune, had put him out of humour. He took no great care, I obſerved, to hide the reaſon of it. For my part, Madam, I was only concern'd at the diſtance we were from you, and for fear my Marriage had diſpleas'd you. Till now I did not know preciſely what thoughts Madam *de Bleſinac* had of you; but when ſhe ſaw with what indifference I received the News of the

loſs

loſs of her Eſtate, ſhe told me that I deſir'd it rather in your Hands, and that ſhe was not ignorant of the Affection I profeſs'd to you. I did my endeavours to undeceive her, but ſhe flew into a violent Paſſion, and told me ſhe had convincing Proofs of my Infidelity, which ſhe would not mention during our Journey. In fine, Madam, ſhe ſhew'd me the Letter I writ to you, and confeſs'd ſhe had compell'd *Ruſat* to put it into her Hands, and give me that anſwer when he came back.

You may imagine how angry I was at *Ruſat*'s perfidiouſneſs, and I made him as ſenſible of it as he deſerv'd. He told me for his excuſe, that Madam *de Bleſinac* aſſur'd him ſhe would give me a reaſon why I ſhould approve the not delivering the Letter, and that ſhe would take an opportunity to tell me of it when I ſhould not be angry. 'Tis impoſſible, Madam, to think with

what diſſimulation ſhe kept this ſecret; but when it was once diſcovered, ſhe inceſſantly reproach'd me that I was an Enemy to her Intereſts, and only regarded yours. Diſagreements by degrees inſinuated into our converſations, and diſorders began to ariſe.

But that which compleated our falling out was, being not able to ſuffer *Ruſat* any longer, ſince his perfidiouſneſs, I diſcharg'd him notwithſtanding the intreaties of Madam *de Bleſinac* to pardon him. From this time we were never of a mind, and ſhe often drove her violence to extremity. I have already told you that her Health was very doubtful, her continual Melancholy alter'd her extreamly, and ſhe fell into a Feaver that carryed her off in ſix Days.

She refus'd to ſee me in her Sickneſs: I granted her deſires, and ſuffer'd her to dye in quiet. I ſhew'd

moderation in this change, and, not diſcovering much joy nor great ſorrow, kept a conduct which was approv'd. But, Madam, your Marriage with the Count *de Marignan* put me beyond my reaſon. 'Twas at this News I gave ſuch marks of a ſenſible and true grief, that I abandon'd my ſelf to deſpair. I fell ſick, and for two months every Body thought I ſhould have dy'd. I know not, Madam, for what reaſon I liv'd, my life was a trouble to me, and I took no remedy to preſerve it. Scarce had I left my Bed, when I was very impatient to be at *Paris*, without knowing preciſely why I deſired it. It could not be hopes that drew me, ſince nothing was to be expected from your anger, which had executed the moſt cruel Sentence upon me. 'Twas only to be in the ſame place with you, that I might ſometimes have the joy to ſee you either by chance, or the great induſtry,

ſtry I would uſe to contrive it.

The deaths of Monſieur *de Mondanar*, and Madam *de Bleſinac*, made me end my affairs with more eaſe, and put me into a condition to appear in the World.

I parted from *Languedoc* for *Paris*, where I have ſeen none but your Relation, whom, after many converſations, I made ſo ſenſible of my miſerable condition, that ſhe promis'd me to deceive you, and bring you here, to procure me the only conſolation I am capable of.

Thus *Bleſinac* ended his Relation, and ſo firmly perſwaded me, that I no longer doubted his fidelity. We were not nevertheleſs the more happy: I could do nothing for his quiet, but would diſturb mine. I apprehended alſo that theſe kind of interviews were indecent, and might prove of ill conſequence. In fine, Madam, I was unwilling to entertain an affection ſo dangerous for my honour;

honour; but what power is there in the fears of an Admirer who deſervès to be belov'd!

Bleſinac appear'd ſo concern'd, that I cou'd not refuſe to ſee him ſometimes with my Relation, nor cover my heart ſo heart ſo cloſe, but he might diſcover I lov'd him more than became me. I reſtor'd him ſighs for ſighs, tears for tears, and we appear'd to be in more need of pity, than before we met. 'Twas late before this firſt Converſation was ended. My Kinſwoman would not permit *Bleſinac* to return that Evening to *Paris*; and becauſe ſhe thought it not fit for him to be ſeen in the houſe, he remain'd in the Summer-room, where he had a Supper privately carry'd him by a Gentlewoman in whom ſhe had an intire confidence. She alſo bid his Servants ſtay for their Maſter at a Neighbouring Village. After Supper we return'd to the Summer-houſe,

houſe, where we paſs'd the greateſt part of the Night. I inſenſibly forgot to tell *Bleſinac* I would have him return the next Day, and I left him without mentioning it. When I propos'd it to my Kinſwoman to bid him, Be gone early, ſhe ſaid, That he muſt ſtay till Night, leſt he be ſeen; and I was not angry, that there was a good reaſon to keep him: The unhappy have few Days of quiet. My Kinſwoman and I went in the Morning to ſee *Bleſinac*: He was very deſirous to know all that had happen'd to me. I granted his Requeſt, and had related the paſſages as far as the trouble of my mind when I took a reſolution to marry the Count *de Marignan*. The remembrance was the occaſion of ſome tears, which in ſpight of me were ſhedding, when my Kinſwoman, who was at the Window, ſaw my Husband coming, he was already ſo near us, that it

was

was impoſſible to get out before he was at the Door.

Bleſinac threw himſelf haſtily upon the Bed, and we met the Count, but with what concern you may imagine. He obſerv'd it, and drawing Symptoms for this, and from my eyes, that were not yet dry, he enter'd into Suſpicions, which nevertheleſs he ſo covered, as to ſhew no ſign of 'em to us. 'Twas Dinner-time, and a Foot-man came to tell us it was upon the Table. This forc'd the Count to go with us to Dinner; and he obligingly told me, as we croſs'd the Garden, that every place without me, was tireſome to him. He had left hunting to come to me; and this inſtance of his tenderneſs made me angry with my ſelf for having ſo little acknowledgment. There was little Diſcourſe at Dinner; and my Kinſwoman, whom my Husband ſtrictly obſerv'd, had ſcarcely an opportunity

nity to tell me in a low Voice, I ſhould propoſe to go to *Paris* that Day, to ſhew my indifference for the place; but my Husband, whoſe Eyes were always on the Summer-Houſe in the Garden, would not go before he had ſatisfyed his Curioſity, which we ſoon diſcovered, when he told us we might firſt paſs ſome hours in the Garden.

My Relations Gentlewoman, who was very dextrous, and knew the reaſon of our inquietude, had apply'd a remedy. She had walk'd round the outſide of the Garden, and had brought a Ladder to one of the Windows of the Summer-Houſe, by which *Bleſinac* deſcended, then ſhe conducted him to a Countrymans Houſe to ſtay there till he heard from her. I was in a horrible fear, and ignorant of the good turn ſhe did me.

No ſooner had we din'd, but my Husband was for going to the Summer-Houſe.

mer-Houſe. My Kinſwoman, who had the Key, thought to abſent her ſelf for ſome moments that ſhe might not give it him, but it was as dangerous to refuſe it, as to deliver it with too much aſſuredneſs. Then ſhe reſolv'd to put ſomething into it, to hinder it from turning in the lock; but this invention did not proſper, My Husband remedyed it, open'd the Door, and went directly to the Bed, and threw himſelf thereon, to diſcover no ſuſpicion; but ſeeing the Window that look'd from the Garden open, he ſhak'd his Head, I obſerv'd, to my great apprehenſion.

I began to recover, when he found upon the Beds-head *Bleſinac*'s Crape Hatband; he was conſidering upon it ſome time, and my Kinſwoman pretending to gueſs whoſe it ſhould be, ſaid ſo many came to the Houſe in her abſence, that it was impoſſible for her to divine it. This

This did not clear the Count's ſuſpicions, it rather increas'd them, and he reſolv'd henceforward to obſerve me ſo ſtrictly, as to juſtifie me or condemn me without incertitude. We return'd that Night to *Paris*, and I ſince knew *Bleſinac* did the like. My Kinſwoman, who often came to ſee me, brought me News of him; and though ſhe was ſuſpected by my Husband, he gave us the liberty of a free converſation.

She had the art to perſwade me, and we agreed upon a ſecond meeting at a Painters call'd *Agar* in *Richelieu-ſtreet*. My Husband had me dogg'd; and, when he was told where I was, went privately to a Neighbouring Houſe to obſerve us. We paſs'd two Hours at *Agar's* before we thought of parting. *Bleſinac* went firſt, he was in Mourning; and my Husband, remembring the Crape Hat-band, did not doubt but it was left there by the ſame Man

came

came out from the Painters Houſe; he did what he could to remark his Face, but could not diſtinguiſh his Features. He had heard much of *Bleſinac*, and the eſteem he had for me; he knew that his Wife was Dead, and there wanted no more to aſcertain his doubts; he came not to *Agar's*, but retir'd before us. I found my Mother at our houſe; ſhe expected me, to let me know, that my Husband had been making his complaints to her. I had not much hardſhip in juſtifying my ſelf to her, and to perſwade her that the complaiſance to ſee *Bleſinac* was not a Crime capable of bringing me into great misfortunes. It is true, ſaid my Mother, but Husbands perceive not ſo ſoon the juſtifications as the accuſations; and I adviſe you to leave off all Commerce with a Man that is ſuſpected by the Count *de Marignan*.

I pro-

I promis'd my Mother, and ſhe remained with me to endeavour to diſſipate the ill Humour of my Husband; but notwithſtanding all her endeavours, we muſt go the next Day towards *Eſtajac*, an Eſtate of his near the Pyrenean Mountains. And he had the precaution to turn away all my old Servants both Women and Men, and to give me new ones I had never ſeen. The preparations for this Journey were made with ſuch diligence, that we went preciſely at the hour he intended. We were to go by *Bourdeaux*, and we neither ſpoke all the way of his Chagrin, or any thing elſe; ſo that we paſs'd two Hundred Leagues without ſaying a Word. You may believe for my part I thought often on the Count *de Bleſinac*, and reflected upon the paſſages of my Life.

I ſhew'd no melancholy to leave *Paris*; and I parted from it with ſuch

ſuch indifference, that my Husband ought to have believed I deſign'd to ſacrifice my Pleaſures to my Duty. When we arriv'd at *Eſtajac*, he bid me chuſe an apartment in the houſe, which he deſign'd I ſhould not come out of. I did what he deſir'd, went into my Priſon, and accuſtom'd my ſelf to it without much difficulty. My Husband paſs'd his days very mournfully, the houſe was unpleaſantly ſituated, and he had the only pleaſure of keeping me Pris'ner; he was continually troubled with the thoughts of *Bleſinac* and me; and when by chance he has caſt his eyes towards my Chamber-Window, if I happen'd to be there, he turn'd 'em off with indignation.

He had a fancy to adorn an Apartment; and I believe had alſo an intention to learn to deſign: I knew by one of the Women who waited upon me, that he had ſent to *Paris* for a Painter; and let the charge

charge be never ſo great, would have one of the moſt excellent. I never left my Chamber but when Company came; and I muſt confeſs, the dejected condition he ſeem'd to have, as he paſs'd by my Window, rais'd my pity, and I determin'd to reaſon with him about it. I ask'd his permiſſion to do it, which after much pains he accorded.

I ſpoke to him as the Condition of Affairs requir'd, and always with great ſubmiſſion. He gave me no interruption: but afterwards looking upon me with indignation, You drive the boldneſs too far, ſaid he, to expoſe your ſelf to the reproaches I may juſtly give you: Is it poſſible that you ſhould think I am ignorant of your infidelity? and becauſe I ſuffer, as a man of courage ought, an outrage of this nature, do you think I am leſs ſenſible of the abuſe you have committed? I thought

thought to have juſtify'd my ſelf by a ſincere confeſſion of what had paſs'd between *Bleſinac* and me, from the firſt day of our acquaintance, till my departure from *Paris*. But it gave him more reaſon to hate me than pardon me. He fanſy'd I marry'd him only to be reveng'd on *Bleſinac*; and theſe thoughts carry'd him into Violences, made me apprehend his anger. He ſhould rather excuſe me, he ſaid, to have made an affair ſince Marriage, than to have conſented to that, when my heart was full of paſſion for another.

He refus'd me the permiſſion to ſpeak to him, ſince this day; and I only knew he was fall'n into a deep Melancholy. He was for ſeveral Months in this Condition; and I was ſo much the more diſturb'd by it, as I imagin'd, by what they told me, I had reaſon to fear ſome dangerous reſolution againſt my life.

But

But two Painters arriv'd at laſt from *Paris*, who aſſiſted very much to his diverſion: the one was a great Artiſt, the other had divers Talents to pleaſe; He not only painted, but had Wit, he was a Poet, Muſician, Comedian, and was always merry. It is true, my Husband was ſurpriz'd to ſee ſo many Excellencies in a man of his condition; but he was afterwards more, when he found he had beſides, a great deal of ſolid Knowledge, and that the Qualities of his Soul ſurpaſs'd thoſe outward appearances. Theſe made ſo great an impreſſion upon the Count *de Marignan*, that in a little time he began to return to his natural Gaiety. *Dormont* (ſo was the Painter call'd) gave him every day ſome new diverſion. Sometimes he would repeat a Play, and perform'd the Parts ſo well, that *Floridor* never ſucceeded better in a Paſſionate, nor *Poviſon* in a Comical Part.

Some-

Sometimes he would imitate the Italians, and ſing to the Guitarre, and danc'd with ſuch Art and Air as was altogether Charming.

I had a Woman who was not confin'd with me; and had nevertheleſs the liberty to come into my Apartment. She was call'd *Roſe*; ſhe often talk'd to me about the Painter; and I had reaſon to believe, by what ſhe ſaid, ſhe did not hate him. Ah! Madam, ſaid ſhe to me one day, if you knew but what wit, and how many deſirable qualities *Dormont* poſſeſſes, you would not be ſurpriz'd at Monſieur *de Marignan*'s Opinion of him. I know not, I muſt confeſs, any Body ſo capable to inſpire love; but I doubt he will be otherwiſe to receive it: for generally people who are ſo handſom, have ſo good thoughts of themſelves, that they are indifferent for others. Not that *Dormont* is ſo to me, added ſhe, he

pays many civilities to me; but I believe 'em rather the effects of good breeding, than the marks of an inclination. But, *Roſe*, ſaid I, is it impoſſible to ſee this Painter? He dyes with deſire to be brought to you, reply'd ſhe. He has ask'd me a thouſand Queſtions about your manner of living, and what diverſions you us'd to mitigate your melancholy. You ſhould already have ſeen him more than once, had not I been afraid of diſpleaſing you. I told *Roſe*, I did not think ill of it; and ſhe went to acquaint him with what ſhe had obtain'd from me.

He accompany'd her the next day into my Chamber: But judge, Madam, if you pleaſe, how I was ſurpriz'd, when I found *Dormont* to be the Count *de Bleſinac*. 'Twas a happineſs for me, that *Roſe* was ſo prepoſſeſs'd with her ſentiments that ſhe did not perceive my trouble. I took

took but little pleaſure to ſee the Count, my heart was full of fear for the conſequence of that interview, and the dangers he was expos'd to. When I was recover'd a little from the aſtoniſhment to ſee him, I was extremely oblig'd to him, I ſaid, for the care he took to divert my Huſband in this ſolitude. He anſwer'd me with much reſpect; but durſt not ſpeak to me privately: Yet hearing me call for a Basket wherein was my Work, he run to fetch it me, and very dextrouſly ſlip'd into it a Letter. And after I had diſcours'd with him aloud, a minute longer, I made him a Sign to be gone.

Roſe and he went out; I ſhut my Chamber-door, and open'd *Bleſinac*'s Letter, which acquainted me with the vexation he had at my Husband's forcing me in that manner to leave *Paris*, the reſolution he had taken to come and ſhare in

my misfortunes, and to undertake any thing, might put an end to 'em. He told me afterwards what he did to accompany the Painter to *Eſtajac*, that he conceal'd his birth, and perſwaded him he had an intention to perfect himſelf in that Art; he told me alſo what progreſs he had made in the good opinion of the Count *de Marignan*, and how much he had ſuffered this month he was here, for not ſeeing me. But reſolving not to hazard any thing imprudently, he choſe rather to be depriv'd of that pleaſure, than to expoſe me to any new diſorder. And the Letter ended with tender proteſtations of an inviolable paſſion. I had Paper that ſerv'd me to cover my Work; but I had neither Ink nor Pen, and I could not make *Bleſinac* an Anſwer; yet Love, that is ingenious, made me remember a Compoſition, that left no ſtain upon the Paper; and the Letters could

could not be diſcern'd, till it was held near the Fire. I made uſe of it, to let *Dormont* know, I would abſolutely have him depart from *Eſtajac*. The difficulty was to teach him the Secret to read what I writ: I therefore told *Roſe*, I had a mind to learn to deſign, and that ſhe ſhould bring *Dormont* privately to give me the firſt inſtructions. She did what I deſir'd her; but as the affection ſhe had, made her always near him, I had only the opportunity to tell him how he might read what I writ to him.

The danger I underwent in theſe interviews made me intend to forbid them, permitting him to write to me with the compoſition I us'd. *Roſe* brought me his Letters, thinking ſhe had brought me nothing but a Paper upon which ſhe ſaw ſome Flowers drawn. I endeavoured underneath to imitate them, and ſent him his Paper back. He was at

firſt contented with this intelligence, but Love, that is continually forming new Projects, made him find out a ſure means to open the Doors of my Priſon. He often ſought an opportunity to talk with the Count *de Marignan* about me, and at laſt it arrived. There was an Echo in the Garden, where my Husband us'd to make *Dormont* ſing.

I remember as I was at my Window to hear him, my Husband perceived me, and told *Dormont*, if he had a mind to pleaſe me, he muſt ſing a melancholy compaſſionate Air that ſhould expreſs the rigour of a long vexatious ſeparation; if you have none melancholy enough, make one *ex tempore*. *Dormont* thought for ſome time, and afterwards ſung theſe Words.

Such tedious abſence who did e're endure?
And not allay'd with thoughts of a return:

Flattery

Flattery can never make me hope a Cure,
But thus reſolve perpetually to burn.

In other Breaſts let meaner grief be plac'd,
Whilſt I am pleas'd with mine by its degree;
Such mighty ſufferings never any grac'd,
And Death and Love my only Objects be.

But Sir, ſays *Dormont*, after he had ſung, ſince you are pleas'd with theſe words, why may not I ask you the reaſon your Lady is ſo ſolitary, for methinks *Roſe* told me ſhe is fair enough to be ſeen? Don't you know, anſwered my Husband, that the fineſt Creatures are leaſt familiar; and the more ſeldom they are ſeen, the more they are reſpected? I think, Sir, replyed *Dormont*, that is a cuſtom very prudently eſtabliſh-

ed by the Kings of *Ormus*, in regard of their Subjects who ſee them but once a Year; but I never knew it practiſed betwixt a Husband and a Wife in any other place but *Eſtajac*. I find, anſwered the Count, that you would not be angry to ſee her, and I conſent upon condition you abuſe not the eaſineſs with which I grant it, and ſide not with her in the complaints ſhe may make to you of me. *Dormont* fearing leaſt, if he ſhould have the time to reflect upon the liberty he gave him, he ſhould change his opinion, deſired him not to put off till another Day the favour he made him hope for. My Husband call'd *Roſe*, and ordered her to carry *Dormont* into my apartment. I was pleas'd at it, but I never taſted any perfect joy; for this was not ſo, ſince I durſt not flatter my ſelf with its long continuance.

Dormont told me by what means he had obtained the permiſſion to ſee me, and turn'd the Converſation ſo adroitly, that he made himſelf an opportunity to ſpeak low to me. You may very well think he made uſe of that priviledge to expreſs to me thoſe paſſionate things Love had inſpired him with. I gave him the liberty to tell my Husband what he thought fit of our Diſcourſe, and I would not ſuffer him to remain long with me.

The Count *de Marignan* no ſooner ſaw him come out of my Chamber, but he ask'd him his opinion of my Perſon and Humour. She is certainly extremely handſome, replyed *Dormont*; but without penetrating into the occaſion of her Sorrow, I believe her naturally Melancholy. But, anſwered my Husband, what did ſhe ſay to you? She deſcrib'd to me, ſaid *Dormont*, the Beauty of this ſolitude, and told me the deſire

ſhe had I ſhould make her a Land-skip, wherein were painted only Rocks and Torrents, wild Beaſts, leaveleſs Trees, and dark Caverns. She mentioned every thing that could proceed from a melancholy Fancy, except a Tomb which I ſuppoſe ſhe did not think of, and fill'd me with ſo many ſad Ideas, that I am afraid I ſhall not baniſh ſo ſoon as I wiſh.

My Husband told him in a ſmile, that all my Melancholy did not proceed from my Conſtitution, and perhaps had told the whole ſeries of my Affairs to *Dormont*, if a Servant had not advertis'd him, that a Neighbour of his call'd the *Chevalier de Monſerolle* was come to viſit him. This was the only Friend he had in this Country. They had a private Diſcourſe together for half an hour, after which the *Chevalier* took his leave, leaving the Count thoughtful.

When

When he was gone, my Husband ſent for *Dormont*, who in reſpect was retir'd. If Madam *de Marignan* has inſpir'd you with Melancholy, ſaid he, we ſhall ſee this Night a fine Creature will perhaps reſtore your good humour. 'Tis Madam *d' Ecugy*, who is run away with the *Chevalier de Monſerolle*; and becauſe it is decent my Wife ſhould entertain her, I ſhall be forc'd to make her forſake her ſolitude; but I would have her owe the obligation to you. Ah, Sir, replyed *Dormont*, do not take from her, if you pleaſe, the ſatisfaction of owing it to your ſelf; and take heed you do not ſpoil me by a preſumption is unlawful for me to think of. I will have it ſo, anſwered my Husband, and I pray, bid her preſently come down, and make the ſame Figure ſhe ſhould have done always, had her Conduct been better.

I saw *Dormont* enter with a joyful Countenance, he told me all the conversation had pass'd for two Hours since he left me. Every Body but I would have received this News with joy; nothing could raise me to that Passion, fear prevailing over the tender sentiments I had for *Blesinac*; not but I had many instances of being in an agreeable condition. I lov'd and was belov'd, and the pleasantness of the secret heightned the charms of our Commerce; and if I had had an inclination to Pleasure, I ought to have been contented with so unexpected a change; but I had not yet pass'd all the misfortunes fate assign'd me; and when I felt some motions to Joy, a certain fore-knowledge I could not overcome, soon threw me into my wonted Sadness.

As soon as I was at liberty I went to the Count *de Marignan*'s Closet, to know what Orders he would prescribe

ſcribe me. I found him better dreſt than generally he is, and kinder to me than I imagin'd; he told me with moderation, he would have me make my ſelf ſome amuſements that might drive *Bleſinac* out of my memory. He told me likewiſe, That he could not refuſe a ſanctuary to the *Chevalier de Monſerolle*, who had ſtole away one of the Baron *d' Ecugy*'s Daughters, and deſired me to give them an agreeable reception.

I had not time to anſwer him; ſeveral Cavaliers came at that inſtant into the Caſtle Court, with a young ſprightly Lady. I went to receive them at the Door, where I pay'd her all the civilities imaginable, and expected ſome return, but ſhe ſcarcely took any notice of me. My Husbands civilities were better receiv'd, and I was very buſie complementing them who had conducted Madam *d Ecugy*, and obſerving the carriage of the Lover, his Miſtreſs,

ſtreſs, my Husband, and one nam'd *Arbanantes*.

As my thoughts were never diſſipated by joy, ſo I thought my ſelf more proper to penetrate into their Character, who were not of a becoming deportment. My Obſervations were, that the Chevalier *de Monſerolle* had a true affection for his Miſtreſs; that ſhe had not the ſame Sentiments for him, but had conſented to be ſtoln out of a fooliſh Vanity, which gave her Pleaſure to make her ſelf be talk'd of in the World. As theſe ſort of ſlips are never committed without relapſing extremely from what decency requires, ſhe ſeemed to me to have utterly forgot the preſcription of it. I found ſo much libertinage in all her diſpoſition, that I have wondered a hundred times the *Chevalier* would run the hazard to Marry a Perſon guilty of ſo many irregular actions. I always thought, for my part,

part, that it was not an ill rule to make a judgment of a Womans Virtue by the outward appearance. Every action of this Lady was contrary to this Maxim. She was pleas'd to imagine that any one had a Paſſion for her, but more to hear it from any that really had, or pretended to have. Being of this Character, you need not wonder if ſhe took for an honour the Cares my Husband ſhew'd for her, and forgot that ſhe came away with *Monſerolle.*

She remember'd it ſo little, that ſhe often paſs'd whole Days, not ſuffering him to ſpeak to her. My Husbands Actions were not more conſtrained than hers, he knew, that what I fear'd from him, would not ſuffer me to engage againſt his Inclinations; and in the great Pleaſure he took to purſue them, the rules of Hoſpitality did not ſo far intrude, as to make him ſcrupulous of employing his beſt endeavours to make himſelf

himſelf be beloved by the Miſtreſs of his Friend.

It was to be conſidered, in the mean time, what *Monſerolle* ſhould determine. Madam *d' Ecugy* was in no great haſte of the ſolemnizing the Marriage. My Husband was in fear it ſhould be concluded. *Dormont* was not angry he was buſied in a Paſſion would impede his penetrating into our Commerce, and *Arbanantes* apprehended leſt he ſhould be obliged to go from *Eſtajac*. All having the ſame Intereſts, it was not difficult to agree. The Count *de Morignan* would have *Dormont* of the Council, where they determin'd, That *Monſerolle* ſhould go for *Paris* to obtain the protection of the Mareſchal *de Gramont*, by whom he was very well known.

The abſence of *Monſerolle* made no alterations at *Eſtajac*, but new Pleaſures were invented every Day; and though the Count *de Marignan* deſerv'd

deſerv'd ſome acknowledgment for the Paſſion he ſhew'd to Madam *d'Ecugy*, he had the diſpleaſure to perceive her diſlike to him increaſt every Day, and that ſhe ſuffer'd him now not without ſome Puniſhment.

And here, Madam, is the part of my relation that brings back into my memory ſad remembrances, you will ſee my misfortunes in their greateſt extremity. Madam *d' Ecugy* fell in Love with *Dormont*, and had the imprudence to diſcover her Paſſion. My Husband perceiv'd it the firſt; but as he ſo carefully obſerv'd *Dormont* as to be aſſur'd he would make no return to it, he continued his good eſteem for him, and recommended the intereſt of his Heart to him after a manner that diſcovered the great confidence he had in him; but *Dormont* had not perceived neither the intentions of the Lady, nor the doubts of the Lover.

One Evening, when ſhe would have us divert our ſelves at Blind-mans-buff, ſhe would by all means that *Dormont* ſhould be blinded. As he was ſeeking about, he felt a Note put into his hand; and complaiſance having oblig'd me to be one at the ſport, *Dormont* thought it might come from me; and ſometimes he fanſy'd from *Roſe*, who had always lov'd him; not dreaming that Madam *d' Ecugy* was of ſo myſterious a conduct, as to find that way to explain her ſelf. He was in great impatience to ſee it; and he had no ſooner taken another perſon, who was to be blinded, but he went out of the Chamber to read the Note, which was expreſs'd in theſe words:

If you were a man of Quality, I ſhould think you had affronted me, by making no return to the honour I have done you, to prefer you before the

the Maſter of the Houſe, and a man in whom I heretofore found ſo much deſert as to be willing to marry. But I find I muſt break the Ice: Know then, I forget all the reaſons I have to keep a diſtance from you, and that I intend to follow only the inclination of my heart, which ſpeaks in your favour. Make your beſt profit of a Confeſſion may be of too much advantage for you to neglect; but remember, it is on condition, that you always ſhew me the reſpects you owe me.

This Letter made *Dormont* truly melancholy. He was unwilling to be ſo often my Husband's Rival; or to give me occaſion to doubt his infidelity, and was beſides afraid of the imprudence of Madam *d'Ecugy*. Here were many circumſtances to raiſe trouble in his mind; and he was obliged to take a particular care, that ſhe might not penetrate into the intelligence betwixt us: and he con-

concluded he ought to dread nothing ſo much as the giving me any reaſon of inquietude. He therefore ſacrific'd his diſcretion to his faithfulneſs, and found an opportunity to tell me what had happen'd. I in a minute diſcovered the ſad conſequences of it, and with a painful Chagrin ſaw, the heavy misfortunes that Amour would bring upon me.

Madam *d' Ecugy* paſs'd the reſidue of the Day in ſuch reſtleſs motions as could proceed from a violent paſſion only. I know not why Chance would have it, that we two ſhould meet together; for we both of us were very careful to prevent it. I ſaw her then diſturb'd by an inquietude, that gave her not a reſtful moment; I thought my ſelf obliged to take notice of it, and inquire the occaſion. I am, ſays ſhe brikly, in a condition that does not permit me to be at quiet. I did not perceive till this day, anſwer'd I, that you

was

was ſo diſturbed at your Affairs; and I know not of any change has happen'd to give you freſh occaſion. Perhaps, continu'd I, that *Monſerolle* is longer abſent than you imagin'd. Not in the leaſt, reply'd ſhe, his abſence gives me neither joy, nor ſorrow. As for that, Madam, reply'd I, give me leave to doubt whether you ſpeak ſincerely: there is little appearance you would have run away with *Monſerolle*, had not Love engag'd you to that bold reſolution. You have taken ſome, ſaid ſhe, without ſuch good pretences; but I find very well what you would diſcover, and what lyes ſo heavy upon your heart: You believe your Husband does not hate me; and if I thought it brought you any trouble, I would ſtudy to augment it. But 'tis your Husband, Madam, and not *Bleſinac*. Miſtake not, Madam, if you pleaſe, reply'd I, I muſt have more eſteem for you than

than I have, to apprehend there ſhould be ſo much merit found in you, to give me the leaſt reaſon of melancholy.

At this inſtant my Husband enter'd; She gave him her hand, and went to ſee an Apartment that was painting. This was the pretence at leaſt; for ſhe went to look for *Dormont*. As ſoon as ſhe was come in, ſhe feign'd an intention of learning to draw; and deſir'd him to give her ſome inſtructions. My Huſband, who was not very well pleas'd at this, told her, *Dormont* knew not enough to be her Maſter. She grew ſo violent againſt the Count, that he was oblig'd to let her alone.

I told you before, I ſuppoſe, that *Monſerolle* had left at *Eſtajac Arbanantes*, who was a little related to Madam *d' Ecugy*, to obſerve her carriage.

He had particular intereſts, beſides

ſides that of being a Relation, which engag'd him to take notice of *Dormont*'s Actions. He found he had more knowledge of the World than is common to that profeſſion. In effect *Dormont* had ſomething ſo great and eaſie, which he could not get rid of, and was not ſo well cover'd by his diſguiſe, but *Arbanantes* ſuſpected him to be another than he appeared; and after he was well confirm'd in theſe thoughts, he reſolv'd to put every thing in Execution to clear this doubt.

He perceived by many opportunities that *Dormont* was not hated by *Roſe*, and that he had for her but a ſtudy'd complaiſance at moſt, which did not proceed from the Heart. He therefore grew by degrees very intimate with this Maid, and making uſe of the weakneſs (theſe kind of Perſons generally have when you promiſe to tell them their Fortune) he propos'd to ſet a Figure for her.

He

He knew a little the Terms of Art; he talk'd boldly of the Houſe of *Jupiter*, the Angle of Fortune, of Trines, Sextiles, Aſpects, and 'twas more than enough to draw *Roſe* into the toils.

He then told her, ſhe lov'd a Man whom he deſcrib'd as like as he could to *Dormont*, and aſſur'd her ſhe would have been belov'd by him, had not an aſcendent greater than hers compell'd him to be anothers. He afterwards ask'd her if ſhe had known *Dormont* long, and how he came to *Eſtajac*. He ask'd, in fine, ſo many queſtions, which ſhe ſo innocently anſwer'd, that comparing what he learnt from *Roſe*, with what he already knew concerning me and *Bleſinac*, he made no queſtion but *Bleſinac* and *Dormont* were the ſame; it was not enough to be aſſur'd of this, if at the ſame time he did not draw the benefit from it he propos'd. It is time to confeſs it

it to you, Madam, *Arbanantes* had a Paſſion for me, and if I had not been buſied in a tenderneſs for another, I ſhould have diſcovered his Sentiments, notwithſtanding the profound reſpect they were cover'd with. There are few people more politick than thoſe of this Country: wherefore do not imagine, that *Arbanantes* diſcover'd to me the bottom of his heart. On the contrary, he often rally'd pleaſantly upon what vanity *Dormont* might draw from the good thoughts Madam *d' Ecugy* had for him; but he meditated a hidden path, by which he ſhould arrive infallibly at the end deſired. His deſign was to have *Dormont* ſent away; and in proſpect of this, he had inſinuated into Madam *d' Ecugy*, that it would be an agreeable diverſion for her to learn to draw, and not to employ any of thoſe hours ſhe had aſſign'd to other pleaſures, the Morning and

the Evening might be a proper Seaſon to receive inſtructions. She approv'd of following this advice, which flatter'd her paſſion; and ſhe had us'd all the power ſhe had over my Husband, to oblige him to command *Dormont* to be diligent in teaching what ſhe ſeem'd to have a deſire to learn.

Arbanantes remain'd ſometimes in Madam *d' Ecugy*'s Chamber, whilſt ſhe learnt. And ſometimes he went out to give *Dormont* the opportunity to explain his Sentiments, in caſe he found his heart toucht by the kindneſs ſhe had for him. One day, when *Arbanantes* was withdrawn into the Anti-Chamber, Madam *d' Ecugy* left her *Crayon*; and looking upon *Dormont* with eyes full of anger and love; You are either very vain, or very ſtupid, not to anſwer the Note I gave you ſome days paſt. I knew not, Madam, ſays *Dormont*, that it was you who did me that honour; and

and if I had, I durſt not have ſhewn ſo much temerity. I had taken ſufficient care, replyed ſhe, to clear your ſcruples of an unbecoming boldneſs; but now you know the Note was mine, ſince I declare it to you: and what Anſwer do you make me?

Dormont found himſelf in a great trouble: 'twould have been a ſhame to be inſenſible. Madam *d' Ecuy* was a very fine perſon, and 'twould have been too great a danger to have confeſt, that a former engagement did not permit him to make any returns to her paſſion. He therefore pretended not to give any credit to what ſhe ſaid, nor perceive the trouble appear'd in her face. I ſhould be beyond deſpair, Madam, ſaid he, if I had preſumption enough to be blinded by your raillery. I take it as I ought; and ſay what you pleaſe, I know how I muſt believe it. Remain then, Madam, if you pleaſe

in the Character you have, ſince I cannot leave mine without growing mad, or declaring my ſelf culpable. *Dormont* pronounc'd theſe words with ſo viſible an indifference, that from this inſtant Madam *d' Ecugy* reſolv'd to ruine him; but he had no ſuſpicion of it, and at laſt ſhe told him, that ſhe had only a deſire to divert her ſelf at his coſt.

When ſhe had taken her Leſſon, *Dormont* went; and Madam *d' Ecugy* ſent to call *Arbanantes*. When he came in, ſhe made all the grimaces of a young Woman aſham'd to expreſs her ſelf in affairs of Gallantry; and looking upon him with eyes full of concern, The confidence, ſays ſhe, that my Husband and I have in you, will not let me hide any longer an outrage I have juſt receiv'd from this Painter, whom you would have teach me to deſign. Becauſe I ſhew'd him ſome Civilities, he has been ſo audacious to tell me

me that he loves me. If the Count *de Marignan* does not ſacrifice him to my anger, I won't ſtay a minute in his houſe.

Arbanantes was raviſh'd with joy for ſuch an opportunity to get rid of a man he eſteem'd his Rival. He concern'd himſelf in Madam *d' Ecugy*'s melancholy; he prais'd her for ſupporting ſo reſolutely the intereſt of her honour: but yet, added he, we muſt manage our ſelves with prudence in this occaſion. It will be very difficult, I foreſee, to perſwade the Count *de Marignan*, that this man, in whom he has had ſo intire a confidence, ſhould forget himſelf ſo much, as to dare to rival him in an inclination, which he knows he had to love you. 'Tis by this, ſays Madam *d'Ecugy*, that I pretend to engage the Count *de Marignan* to revenge me on *Dormont*. He has an equal concern with me in the injury is done me.

Arbanantes diſcovered very well by the conduct of his Kinſwoman, that ſhe was not of ſo ſcrupulous a Vertue to be very angry at a declaration of Love. He alſo perceiv'd, ſhe had made a thouſand ſlips, which were but too convincing ſhe had no averſion for *Dormont*; ſo that comparing this with the thoughts he had that *Dormont* was *Bleſinac*, and that I had authoriz'd his diſguiſe, which could not be without my Knowledge; he thought himſelf oblig'd to engage Madam *d'Ecugy* to make an intire Confeſſion of her Sentiments. He having wit, and ſhe being imprudent, wheadled her with ſuch Art, that ſhe ſoon confeſs'd the truth. He blam'd her weakneſs, and repeated all the faults that inconſideration made her commit: But in fine, after he had provok'd her tears and bluſhes more than once, he pretended, that though it rais'd her anger, he did

it

it only to make her avoid the opportunity of ruining her ſelf. You muſt, ſaid he, get out of *Dormont*'s hands the Note you writ to him. It can do me no injury, anſwer'd ſhe, ſince I have ſo diſguis'd my writing, that no Body can know it. Well then, ſaid *Arbanantes*, we have only to contrive ſome Stratagem, which he may not diſcover. He compoſes perfectly: I will make the words of a Song, and deliver 'em to him, it will not be difficult to perſwade him to write 'em out to make an Air to 'em.

Madam *d' Ecugy* would not refuſe an occaſion to puniſh *Dormont* for the deſpicable thoughts he ſhew'd for her. The reſentment ſhe had, made her look with pleaſure upon what was prepar'd for her revenge. *Arbanantes* deſired her only to give him leave to manage the affair, and to act nothing but by his advice. She agreed to it, bid him not forget the Verſes he was to make, and re-

mained in an indifferent tranquil condition. Whilſt *Arbanantes* and ſhe were taking theſe dangerous meaſures to ruine *Dormont*, my Husband had ſent for him to give an account of the Leſſon he taught Madam *d' Ecugy*. He did not think ſhe had been alone with him; and he only deſired to know if he found her very apt to learn; and as ſhe had no diſpoſition to it, *Dormont* deſired the *Count* to diſſwade her from that deſign, and to propoſe her ſome amuſements might take away her deſire to imploy her time in a thing of ſo little uſe.

The Count was in a condition very much to be pityed; he was troubled at the manner of Madam *d' Ecugy*'s uſage; he could neither deſpiſe her, nor value her, though he lov'd her much; her Perſon, tis true, was very amiable, but her Wit and her Heart were ſo defective, that my Husband could not reſolve

reſolve whether ſhe was moſt worthy of his hatred or his Love. This Debate, which was the cauſe of ſome unhappy minutes, produc'd theſe Verſes, which I ſtill remember.

Come to my reſcue, juſt diſdain,
My Honour waits you, and my Reaſon calls,
'Tis by your help that the unfaithful falls.
You end my mis'ries and her tedious Reign.
But ſhould I on your force rely
Then my revenge would ſcarcely be ſecure,
What now y' adviſe you ſoon do fly,
Doubtful would be from her or you my Cure.

Dormont having ſeen the Verſes, made a Tune very ſuitable to 'em, and my Husband, who ſung very well, learnt it that Night, though it was late; *Dormont*, who would not

loſe any opportunity to ſee me, came into my Chamber, with a Pretence to ſhew me the Song he had made; and gave me in few words an account of what had paſs'd this Evening.

The relation of the Counteſs *de Marignan*, was broke off in this Place, by the Sighs and Tears, which ſhe could not refrain. Ah, Madam, ſaid ſhe, falling again into her Relation, how ingenious was my Imagination, in repreſenting to me the Misfortunes that were juſt upon the point of arriving, and tormenting me when I was aſleep, by the moſt mournful Dreams that ever were. the Night was ſo terrible, that not being able any longer to endure the cruel Thoughts that diſturb'd my Soul, I was forc'd to awaken the Women who waited upon me, and call 'em to my aſſiſtance.

Roſe, who lay in my Chamber, remark'd that ſince *Dormont* was here, I had vented many doleful Sighs,

Sighs, and that little Sleep, which I took, was not without diſturbance. She had reaſon'd according to her ſenſe of it, and was extremely deſirous of an opportunity to go forth to tell *Arbanantes* her thoughts. I knew by the Sequel, ſhe did not fail in this intent; but whilſt I had this lively foreknowledge of my diſgraces, *Arbanantes* was labouring to execute the moſt black and treacherous action ever was in the capacity of man.

He lookt for *Dormont*, and found him early enough to be at leiſure to make a Tune to the words he had made for Madam *d'Ecugy*, to whom he pretended he would carry 'em ſo ſoon as ſhe ſhould be awake. *Dormont* foreſeeing not the Conſequence, thought ſome little time, and writ down the words with the Tune he had made to 'em. *Arbanantes*, who deſign'd to have 'em of his writing, told him he would ſing

'em

'em by the Notes; and in this pretence kept the Song. He thank'd *Dormont*, and left him very contented to have ſo well ſucceeded. Joy, which is no quiet paſſion, would not ſuffer Madam *d'Ecugy* to ſleep. He went into her Chamber, and gave her the Song, writ fair, and prickt by *Dormont*'s own hand. She read it with great earneſtneſs, and found theſe words:

O're all the World let's Iris *boaſt*
Your paſſion, and my flame,
And let no glittering rays be loſt,
To ſhew it in our eyes, and ſouls the ſame;
And when our minds theſe tranſports move,
Then let us ſing by turns,
Ah, Iris, *how I burſt with love!*
Ah, Thirſis, *how I burn!*

Arbanantes gave her many inſtructions about the management of the deſign

deſign of her revenge, and left her at liberty to dreſs her ſelf, with impatience to ſee the Count *de Marignan* to make complaints to him concerning *Dormont*. My Husband had not a leſs deſire to entertain her with the Song he made, ſo agreeable to the condition he found himſelf in. As ſoon as ſhe was at liberty to be ſeen, he went ſinging into her Chamber. Certainly, ſays Madam *d' Ecugy*, this is a new Air; but though you have had the advantage to learn it before me, I have the good luck to know one is yet newer than yours, ſince it was made but this Morning. You may know the Author by the Writing; but you will be ſurpriz'd to hear that they had the boldneſs to declare it was made for me. The affront, I believe, is great enough to require you to revenge me.

The Count *de Marignan* receiving the Song from Madam *d' Ecugy*, read

it

it with tranſports of anger, that could be inſpired by no leſs than an extreme jealouſie. He read it over twenty times, without having the power to pronounce the words. Yes, Madam, cry'd he, after he had thought ſome minutes, I will revenge you, and not forget to puniſh this raſh man; and 'tis a greater crime to me than you. Then the malicious Creature looking upon the Count with kinder eyes than before, I ſee, ſays ſhe, that you love me; and I will acknowledge to you the intereſt you ſhew for my honour; but remember, if you pleaſe, in the ſtate things are, a publick revenge would do me an injury not to be repair'd.

Arbanantes fearing the imprudence of his Kinſwoman might make her ſay more or leſs than was requiſite, came into the Chamber, and joining in their converſation a little appeas'd my Husband's anger; but

but though he hindred him from committing a violence, whoſe conſequences might be redoubted, he nevertheleſs inſinuated into his mind, that the Painters ſhould immediately be ſent away.

As it would not have been difficult for *Dormont* to have juſtify'd himſelf to my Husband, had he but the opportunity; *Arbanantes* was of Opinion, that they ſhould go, and not be ſeen. His advice was taken: Pardon me, Madam, if I do not enter into the Particulars of ſo cruel a ſeparation. *Dormont* receiv'd orders for it, with all the ſurprize and melancholy that it is poſſible to conceive. He came into my Chamber, to take his leave; but *Arbanantes*, who came in with him, gave us not the liberty to expreſs our Sentiments. Grief, which is leſſen'd by complaint, when it is covered, becomes inſupportable. I had been in this condition, had I not call'd all my reaſon

reaſon to aſſiſt me to overcome my diſpleaſure. And 'tis true, my natural melancholy hindred 'em from perceiving that which was caus'd for *Dormont*'s departure.

The two Painters left us; and we knew not which way they went. Madam *d'Ecugy* repented ſhe was the occaſion of their baniſhment from *Eſtajac*. She had a great Quarrel about it with *Arbanantes*; and ſpoke not to my Husband of two days, but only to tell him ſhe would leave his houſe. He was very much troubled at her conduct, becauſe he began to unriddle it, and to be more ſatisfy'd of *Dormont*; but he had not time to reflect long.

The Baron *d'Ecugy* hearing that *Monſerolle* was returned from *Paris*, went with ſome of his Friends to beſiege him, whilſt his Son with another Party came to ſurprize the Caſtle of *Eſtajac*. This News alter'd not the reſolutions of my Huſband;

band; he prepared to aſſiſt the intereſt of his Friend, and to preſerve his Miſtreſs, he gathered together as many as the little time would permit him, and left *Arbanantes* at *Eſtajac* to command in his abſence.

I was ſenſibly concern'd to ſee my Husband go in an expedition, whoſe event was ſo doubtful; but in the midſt of this grief, it was ſome conſolation to think that *Dormont*'s abſence would free him from this danger, and I mingled at this Inſtant the ſentiments of a lawful Duty with thoſe inſpired by an Inclination, ſince at the ſame time, that I prayed for my Husbands return, I rendered thanks to Heaven for guarding *Dormont* from this peril.

Madam *d' Ecugy* received no diſturbance at it, and expected the event with as much tranquillity as if ſhe had no concern in it. Two Days were ſpent ſince my Husbands departure, and I was very impatient

to

to know the ſucceſs of the Journey, when I was told he was returned. I ran haſtily to receive him; but Madam, I cannot call back into my remembrance that frightful minute, without renewing my paſt affliction. 'Twas then I ſaw the Count *de Marignan* by one of his Servants ſupported on his Horſe, his Cloaths begor'd with Blood, his Viſage pale, and Eyes half clos'd, and ſcarcely ſtrength enough left to complain. My grief can hardly be imagined. I employed all my cares for him, to acquit my ſelf of what my Duty engaged me. When he was firſt wounded Chirurgeons were ſent for, who came there as ſoon as he. They dreſt his Wounds, which were found dangerous. He had loſt much Blood, and the weak condition he was in, hindered him from ſpeaking; but it was eaſie to perceive, he had a deſire to ſay ſomething. I imagin'd ſo, and ask'd him his Pleaſure; he anſwered

ſwered me in a dying Voice, That *Dormont* ſhould be taken care off. I took him to be light-headed, not thinking it likely that *Dormont*, who was to return to *Paris*, ſhould be in this engagement. After I had made a little reflection, I took notice that neither Madam *d'Ecugy*, nor *Roſe* were in my Husbands Chamber, and that it muſt be ſomething of greater concern retain'd them elſewhere. I was buſied with theſe cruel doubts when I perceived *Roſe* in Tears. She came to require ſome aſſiſtance for *Dormont*, who would ſoon Dye, if they ſtaid much longer, before any Remedies were apply'd to his Wounds. I muſt confeſs to you this raiſed ſo piercing a Grief in my Breaſt, that nothing could augment it. I haſtened the Chirurgeons to go to the relief of the poor unhappy *Dormont*, and I ſtaid by my Husband. Although he was adviſ'd to reſt, he appear'd diſturb'd, and

could

could not forbear asking me if Madam *d' Ecugy* was yet at *Eſtajac*. He believed nothing of the aſſurances I gave him that ſhe was here. He deſired to ſee her, but 'twas not without trouble that ſhe left *Dormont*'s Chamber to come to the Count *de Marignan*. A Heart leſs concern'd than his would have retriev'd its liberty by the indifference Madam *d' Ecugy* diſcovered to him. He had the ſtrength to complain of it, and the weakneſs not to make it inſtrumental to his cure. She gave me not the opportunity to tell my Husband he ought not to ſpeak ſo much, preventing me by ſuddainly leaving him, and returning to *Dormont*.

As theſe Accidents obliged me to keep ſome meaſures, I inform'd my ſelf how the engagement happened; and not doubting but *Dormont* had given proofs of his Courage, I did not affect to talk of him. I fanſyed he had

had performed ſome Actions I ſhould hear of; and a Gentleman, a Neighbour of ours named *Plaſſac*, took the pains to inſtruct me in it. He told me that the Baron *d' Ecugy* having laid ſiege to *Monſeroll's* Houſe, ſent his Son with fifty Horſe to ſurpriſe *Eſtajac*; and that my Husband meeting him with a Party much inferiour in number to his Enemies, began a Combat wherein you might well perceive, that ſome fought for Love, and others for Honour. But now added *Plaſſac*, we began to yield to the number that attack'd us, and the Count *de Marignan*, who had forced his way into the midſt of the Enemies, would either have been taken or kill'd, when *Dormont's* arrival with five or ſix Men gave freſh Hearts to our diſcouraged Party. The *Chevalier d' Ecugy* made what reſiſtance he could, but to little purpoſe, he was attack'd ſo vigorouſly by *Dormont*, who abandon'd his Life

Life to force himſelf a paſſage to the place where he ſaw the Count *de Marignan* encompaſs'd. And *Dormont* would ſcarcely have effected it, had he not kill'd the *Chevalier d' Ecugy*; but by misfortune the Count was wounded before *Dormont* could get to him, and 'twas he that hindered the Enemies from taking away his Life. *Dormont* received ſeveral Wounds by defending the Count, and I never ſaw a Combat perform'd with more Courage and Judgment. The Death of the *Chevalier d' Ecugy* ſoon allay'd the Courage of his Friends. They retired with the News to his Father, and we having kill'd thirty of the Enemies, and loſt few of our own, became Maſters of the Place, where we did not think fit to ſtay long; but I ſent for Chirurgeons, and returned hither with our Party.

After this recital, *Plaſſac* made me underſtand this buſineſs would be of ill

ill conſequence, if we did not take ſome meaſures to ſtop its courſe, and that there were none more ſure than to advertize *Monſerolle* either to make an accommodation with the Baron *d' Ecugy*, or not to take it ill, if his Miſtris was delivered into her Relations hands. *Plaſſac* undertook this Commiſſion; but as he was juſt ready to depart, *Monſerolle* arriv'd. None could be more concern'd for the misfortunes of the Count *de Marignan* than he appear'd. He ſpoke very handſomly about it to me; but whatever he could ſay, my Husband and Lover were in danger of their lives, and I did not receive agreeably the excuſes he made me, who was the cauſe of it. *Plaſſac* acquainted him with our reſolutions. A little Point of Honour hindred him from conſenting; but he thought of an Expedient was approv'd by all who were of the Council: Which was to put Ma-

dam

dam *d' Ecugy* in a Convent, till differences were accommodated. She had a relation at *Carcaſſone*, who was Abbeſs of a Monaſtery, and 'twas reſolv'd ſhe ſhould be carry'd thither, when they were aſſured there would be no difficulty to receive her; but as they knew ſhe was never much diſpos'd to a Nunnery, it was kept ſecret from her.

She ſhew'd ſo little eſteem for *Monſeroll*, that he overcame the Scruples he had to abandon her. And *Plaſſac* went to make ſure of Madam *d' Ecugy*'s Kinſwoman.

One Evening, when I was by my Husband's Bed, grieving to ſee his Wounds had brought him to that ill condition, they came to tell me, *Dormont* was worſe than uſual. The Count *de Marignan* deſir'd I wou'd go into his Chamber, to ſee what remedies he had occaſion for, and 'twas impoſſible for me to refuſe. When I enter'd, I found *Arbanantes*

nantes liſtning to what the extremity of his Fever made him ſay. And as it is not one of the leaſt ſigns of reaſon to be able to keep a Secret the heart and the mind is fill'd with, we need not wonder if *Dormont* could not retain the Myſteries of our Commerce, during the ravings of his Fever. He ask'd where I was, complain'd that he did not ſee me; and would dye becauſe I left him. Hitherto his extravagances had not frightned me; but a fiercer Fit made him raiſe himſelf in the Bed; and putting his hands upon his eyes, violently cry'd out, Ah! unhappy *Bleſinac*, ſince the Counteſs *de Marignan* makes no longer acknowledgments to your tenderneſs, go dye in ſome place where the Image of her may be leſs preſent.

After this, he left ſpeaking, and fell into a ſleep. *Arbanantes*, who had not forgot one Syllable that *Bleſinac* ſaid, came to me, and

looking upon me with eyes full of chagrin and malice; pardon me, Madam, ſaid he, if I tell you, it is not very much for the honour of your Family, to give a reception to *Bleſinac* under the name of *Dormont*.

I confeſs to you, Madam, continu'd the Counteſs *de Marignan*, I found my ſelf in a great ſtraight: I ſaw well the conſequence of angring *Arbanantes*. And I was not ignorant it was not leſs dangerous to flatter him. I argued it was impoſſible for a raving man to uſe his reaſon. He believ'd me not, and had the boldneſs to tell me, if I had not the ſame ſentiments for him as for *Bleſinac*, he knew very well how to revenge himſelf of my indifference.

I left *Arbanantes* in *Dormont*'s Chamber, and returned to the Count's, to hinder any from coming, and diſcovering *Bleſinac*'s confeſſion, I found *Monſerolle* there,

to

to whom I told it, becauſe it was known by ſo many, that I thought he would not be long ignorant of it. And I ſpoke to him, with perſwaſion enough to obtain, that he would make Madam *d' Etugy*, with *Arbanantes* and the reſt who conducted her, depart that Night from *Eſtajac*.

The Count *de Marignan*'s Apartment, was ſome diſtance from the other Lodgings, which made our deſign the eaſier. I caus'd all the paſſages to it to be ſhut up, and I remain'd in the Chamber, whilſt *Monſerolle* went to acquaint Madam *d' Ecugy* 'twas neceſſary ſhe ſhould leave *Eſtajac*; and that her Father would beſiege the Caſtle to take it, and force her to a Nunnery, and ſhe ſhould now go to *Carcaſſonne*, where ſhe would better divert her ſelf. Although what *Monſerolle* ſaid to her appear'd reaſonable, ſhe oppos'd it ſo violently, that they were oblig'd

to tell her ſhe ſhould be forc'd to do what was thought beſt for her affairs. She cry'd out terribly, and they were heard into my Husband's Apartment. He thought ſhe had been laughing, which made him ſigh, and ſay with ſadneſs, that her mirth was very unſeaſonable. I did not undeceive him; but added, without ſhewing affectation, what I thought might contribute to cure him from a paſſion ſo ill plac'd. Whilſt I was with him, *Arbanantes* and Madam *d'Ecugy* were forming a thouſand Obſtacles to their departure, eſpecially *Arbanantes*. He muſt needs ſpeak to the Count *de Marignan*, he would take his leave of me; but none of theſe ſucceeded, and they both parted from *Eſtajac*.

Monſerolle ſtaid for his ſafety, and out of affection to my Husband, of the recovery of whoſe wounds, as well as *Bleſinac*'s, we began to have ſome hopes.

I had

I had a great curioſity to know by what accident this laſt was in the engagement from whence he came ſo wounded. I deſired him to tell me one Day when I viſited him, and did not think it fit to let him know what he had diſcovered in the heighth of his Fever, leſt he ſhould grow too Melancholy at it. He told me then, that when he parted from *Paris*, he ordered one of his moſt truſty Servants to ſtay for him with two Horſes at a Place not far from *Eſtajac*, till he ſhould hear from him; that when he went from the Count *de Marignan's*, the true Painter took his way towards *Paris*, and he to the Place where his Servant expected him; that when he came to him he found him dangerouſly ſick; and he reſolv'd to ſtay till his recovery, and to find out a means to let me know what was become of him; that whilſt he was in theſe conſide-

rations, he heard my Husband had assembled his Friends for *Monserolle*'s assistance, that he had not too prudently consulted, but had followed the advice of his Love only, that made him interess himself in any thing that might be grateful to me; and to do the Count the better service, he took what Men he could get, and obliged them to follow him; and that, in fine, he arrived at a proper time to encourage the Counts Party, and free him from the hands of his Enemies.

I therefore acknowledged all the obligations my Husband and I had to *Blesinac* for that good Office, but at the same time prepared him to leave *Estajac* as soon as his Health would give him leave. 'Twas two or three Days after Madam *d'Ecugy* was gone, before my Husband ask'd what she was doing. *Monserolle* took upon him the answer, and told him he could not hinder her from leaving

leaving *Eſtajac* with *Arbanantes*, and was retired to *Carcaſſonne* to a Relation's. This News did not ſeem to make any impreſſion upon the Count; he bore it with courage, and I had reaſon to believe the Lady was now indifferent to him.

Every thing was very calm at *Eſtajac*, the Baron *d'Ecugy* was caſt down with Grief, and the loſs of his Son had rendered him careleſs of his Daughters Conduct. She paſt the way to *Carcaſſonne* in reſolutions to be revenged of *Monſerolle*, *Bleſinac*, and me; for *Arbanantes* had acquainted her that *Dormont* was a counterfeited name for *Bleſinac*. The deſire ſhe had to undo us all had a little moderated her anger; but when, arriving at *Carcaſſonne*, *Plaſſac* ſhewing them the way into the Houſe, *Arbanantes* and ſhe were both equally ſurpriſed to find it a Convent. *Arbanantes* would have reſiſted, but *Monſerolle* had given

orders to *Plaſſac* to uſe force if they met with oppoſition, for which purpoſe he had a Party with him he was well aſſured of. She therefore was forc'd to enter the Convent, and *Plaſſac* told *Arbanantes*, that the Count *de Marignan* deſired him to return no more to his Houſe. When *Plaſſac* had acquitted himſelf of his Commiſſion, he returned to *Eſtajac*, where he gave us this account you have from me.

Although *Bleſinac* was more wounded than the Count *de Marignan*, he was ſooner well; and he began to come out of his Chamber when *Plaſſac* arrived from *Carcaſſonne*. *Roſe* had let him know that the extremity of his Fever had made him diſcover the truth of his Quality, and the fear of cauſing new Diſturbances had obliged him to prepare for his departure from *Eſtajac*. I ſeldom left my Husband, and *Bleſinac* ſent to let me know

he

he would ſpeak with me. I thought I owed him that complaiſance. When the Heart is truly concerned, that fore-knowledge which is occaſioned by Love is infallible. I was not ſenſible in talking to him, of that exquiſite Pleaſure we receive in the Converſation of thoſe we love; and though I was reſolved not to ſuffer him to remain at *Eſtajac*, I received Grief and Inquietude at his parting, and yet durſt not preſs him to ſtay; but he would go, and I did not hinder him.

He thought it not fit to leave *Eſtajac*, and not bid adieu to the Count *de Marignan*. The Count, who was obliged to him, made many endeavours to retain him, but to no purpoſe. I muſt confeſs I was forced to call all my Reaſon and Duty to aſſiſt me to endure this parting. I took my leave of him in my Husbands Chamber, that I

might not expoſe my ſelf to the renewing our Endearments, and keep him longer with me. *Monſerolle* could not forbear to tell me, he admired the Power I had over my ſelf in an occaſion where the greateſt Reaſon is ſubject to a failure. It is true my outward Actions had a good appearance, but my Heart was not the leſs afflicted. I paſs'd two Days in this condition, which appeared more ſad and tedious to me than my whole Life; but you ſhall ſee to what misfortunes I was deſtined.

One Morning when I ſlept very ſound, ſitting up late over Night, I was waked with ſuch melancholy ſhrieks and horrid noiſe, that touch'd me to the very Heart. I haſtily got up, and run to a Window which look'd into the Caſtle Court. I heard *Roſe*'s Voice, and ſaw her with the reſt of our Servants encompaſſing a Dead Man.

O what

O what a ſad ſpectacle, and how horrid it was to me! Death, although it be ſo terrible, does not blot out the Characters of Love, and the poor Dead Man was but too well known by me; he was, Madam, the unhappy *Bleſinac*. I was but juſt awake, and aſtoniſhment ſuſpended for ſome time the effects of my Grief; and I was in the midſt of them, when *Monſerolle* came in to tell me the circumſtances of that woful misfortune. He was uſing ſome circumlocutions to prepare me to it, not to ſtrike me Dead at a blow, but he judged by the condition I was in, that I was but too well informed; he ſaid nothing to me, his Tears ſpoke for him, and mine gave to the memory of *Bleſinac*, what his Love required of my Paſſion.

As thoſe who are truly ſo, never believe they are enough afflicted

flicted, I endeavouring to augment mine, ask'd *Monſerolle* what they heard of the Count *de Bleſinac*'s Death. He told me, that when the Caſtle Gate was opened, they ſaw a Man there with a Horſe, upon which was *Bleſinac* Dead, and covered with a Cloak; and that this Man had a Letter for me, and another for the Count *de Marignan*, as it was very expedient for me to receive both the Letters. *Monſerolle* caus'd the Man to be ſent for, who was not of ſo ill a Phyſiognomy to be thought by me an Accomplice in ſo baſe an Action. He told me with many ſigns of Sorrow, that a Man on Horſe back, whom he did not know, had forc'd him by great threats to carry the Body to my Houſe, and to be aſſured he ſhould not deceive him, he accompanyed him to the Gate, and abſconded in a Place from whence he

he might diſcern all his Actions; after this the Man gave me the Letter he was ordered to deliver into my Hands. *Monſerolle* knew by the Writing it came from the treacherous *Arbanantes*. I had not the power to read it, and *Monſerolle* did not think fit the Meſſenger ſhould know the Contents, but asking him for that which was directed for the Count *de Marignan*, he delivered it very honeſtly. *Monſerolle* cauſed him to be ſtopp'd, but no ill uſage to be offered to him, and then broke open the Letter *Arbanantes* writ to me, and found theſe Words.

Here, Madam, is the Object of your Love and my Hatred; we have each of us ſatisfied our Paſſions; and if I have but little conſulted my Honour in taking away his Life, you have renounced

yours

yours as much by your continual Conduct towards him. I wiſh that the ſight of a Man, once ſo Dear to you, may now be your eternal Reproach, and may ſerve as much to your Puniſhment, as it adds to my Revenge; and that being the occaſion of my Crime, you may be as well charg'd with the Remorſe I ought to have at it, as with that of having always been ſo unfaithful to your Husband.

I forgot to tell you, Madam, that *Monſerolle* had ſent after *Arbanantes*, either to take him, or diſcover, at leaſt, which way he went; and if I had been capable of any Conſolation, it had been in hopes this Wretch might ſuffer the Puniſhment he deſerved. This Letter adding nothing to his Crime or my Reſentment. I deſired *Monſerolle* to read that directed

rected to my Husband. These were the Words.

Do not think it strange, that I have kill'd a man who had sav'd your life. What acknowledgments soever you imagin'd you ow'd him, I must let you know you are more oblig'd to me, since when I took away his life, I reveng'd you on a man who dishonour'd you. As *Blessinac* he abus'd your good Nature, and as *Dormont* came to insult over your honour in your own house. And I have too good an Opinion of you, to believe any otherwise than that you will partake with great pleasure in my revenge.

Monserolle discovered great transports of anger at the reading of this Note; and he assur'd me this crime should not be unpunish'd. As we knew not the formalities are observ'd in these occasions, so *Plassac* follow'd what measures he thought necessary, whilst *Monserolle* undertook

undertook to acquaint the Count *de Marignan* with what was proper for him to know about this accident. He was extremely troubled at it; and the more, becauſe he thought it had been the Baron *d' Ecugy*, who had caus'd *Dormont* to be aſſaſſinated, neither did we undeceive him.

My Husband caus'd as great honours to be done to his Corps, as could have been perform'd, had he known his birth. My diſpleaſure was the leſs diſcernible, for the grief my Husband *Monſerolle*, *Plaſſac*, and indeed all our Servants ſhew'd at this misfortune. But that which proceeds from a compaſſion only, ſeeks conſolation, and finds it in the neceſſity to endure what can't be prevented. But from this Rule we muſt except the Count *de Marignan*, who gave himſelf wholly up to melancholy for the loſs of a man who had ſo generouſly ſav'd his life. His heart

heart ſhew'd him nothing of comfort, but repreſenting to him all that was good and amiable in *Dormont*, he inſenſibly fell into a deep concern; which in a few days chang'd the hopes of his recovery, and brought him at laſt to death.

The firſt thought it inſpir'd me with, was the reproach of not being dead as well as he; and to ſee friendſhip effect that in my Husband, which love could not produce in me. I reckon'd up after this, all the misfortunes had happen'd to me; and found my ſelf depreſs'd with ſo violent a grief, that for ſome time I thought I ſhould have retir'd to my Husband and my Lover.

After I had paid my Duty to the Memory of the Count *de Marignan*, I told *Monſerolle* I was oblig'd to deprive my ſelf of all opportunities

of

of conſolation. He offer'd me to partake in my afflictions all his life. But knowing how little my heart was my own, he did not preſs me to what was not in my power to accord. We parted, and I deſigned to go to *Paris* for ſome Concerns: But before I left *Eſtajac*, I had the comfort to hear the perfidious *Arbanantes* was periſhed in a River he would have croſs'd, to avoid *Monſerolle*, who purſu'd him. After this, I parted from *Eſtajac*, with a reſolution to retire into a Convent, for the better opportunity to mourn my misfortunes.

The Counteſs *de Marignan* ended her Story with ſo many Sighs and Tears, that Madam *de Mezelon* had not the power to hinder the flowing of her Eyes. They renew'd a tender friendſhip, with engagements it ſhould laſt

laſt eternally, though Madam *de Marignan* was to go very ſuddenly for *Bayonne*, and Madam *de Mezelon* to *Vaucluſe*.

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